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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Germans appear little at ease with their ill-gotten spoils. The minor States are growing more and more suspicious of the designs of Austria and Prussia, and do not hesitate to manifest their misgivings in the most open manner. They cannot understand any more than other people how the two great Powers could accept from Denmark a cession of territory which, according to the German theory, was not hers to cede. They wish to know when the Diet, in whose name Slesvig and Holstein have been torn from the Scandinavian kingdom, is to be consulted as to their fate. But, although this desire on their part is very natural, it does not seem at all likely to be gratified. The Courts of Berlin and Vienna know, if their Federal Allies do not, what are their real title-deeds to the conquered provinces. Having won them by the sword, they show no disposition to surrender them in virtue of any idle claim of right on the part of the Bund. On the contrary, one of the Prussian semi-official journals declares that if Saxony fulfils her avowed intention to propose that the Diet should demand explanations on the subject, this will be an insult to the victors. But, although there is no reason to doubt that the "victors" may set their Allies at defiance, it can only be done at the cost of increasing the distrust already widely-spread in Germany, and of rendering more apparent and more practically important than ever the disunion which seems to dog the steps of every movement undertaken in the name of Teutonic unity. The consequences of what is freely stigmatised as their treason to the cause of the Fatherland, may not immediately overtake Francis Joseph or William, but will become apparent whenever Louis Napoleon thinks the time has come to abandon his present attitude of calculated apathy. In the meantime, a new difficulty has arisen in respect to Lauenburg. Prince Frederick William of Hesse has reminded the German Diet, in a formal memorial, that he only renounced his claim to the Crown of Denmark and to the provinces attached to it in favour of his sister, the wife of Christian IX., on condition of the integrity of Denmark being respected. This condition not having been fulfilled, his Serene Highness considers his renunciation void, and now urges his "evident and incontestable right to the succession in the Duchy of Lauenburg." It seems, at present, rather doubtful whether this is a *bonâ fide* step, or one taken in the interest of Prussia. But, at any rate, it increases to some extent the complexity of the situation, and renders it more than ever apparent that the dismemberment of Denmark and the overthrow of a European settlement were only the commencement and not the termination of difficulties.

The Emperor of France is at present entertaining the King of Spain. The reception of crowned heads appears to confer upon Louis Napoleon very much the sort of pleasure which a rich *parvenu* derives from having the representative of an old family under his roof. In the present case, it is probable that his extreme anxiety to see the husband of the Queen of Spain at the Tuileries has been stimulated by his consort's wish to play the host to her former sovereign. Her Majesty has more than once shown feminine eagerness to parade the fact that the Empress of France is, at least, the equal of those who were not (if report speaks truly) too kind to the Countess Theba; but, even if we are wrong in supposing that there is this natural although not very dignified feeling on the part of an illustrious personage, we do not think there is any reason to attach political importance to any interchange of civilities between the Courts of Paris and Madrid. We do not believe it possible that there should be more than a skin-deep friendship between a Bourbon and a Buonaparte; nor are there in Europe two nations more thoroughly divided from each other by difference of character and by long-standing antipathies than the French and the Spaniards. Louis Napoleon's pretensions to the leadership of the Latin race are nowhere regarded with less favour than in the neighbouring kingdom, and it is not likely that any jealousy or dislike which previously existed has been diminished by the establishment of the Mexican empire. It is the cherished object of most Spaniards to reconquer the ancient American possessions of the Crown. So far as Mexico goes, any hopes of the kind must be laid aside as long as an Austrian archduke occupies a throne protected by France.

One of the most important events of the past week was the electoral contest in Belgium. The issue at stake was, whether the Liberal or the clerical party should for some time to come rule the State. Originally a minority of the Chambers, the latter have in recent years gradually gained strength, until at last they were equal in numbers to their opponents. Holding this position in the Legislature which was lately dissolved, they used it successfully for the purpose of bringing the government of the country to a standstill. As it is the rule in the Belgian Chambers that nothing can be done unless a majority of the members are present, the clerical party could at any time render legislation impossible by simply stopping away. It was by this mode they defeated a measure which the Cabinet introduced into the Chambers with a view to terminating the equilibrium of parties. According to the constitution, the number of representatives is to be increased in proportion to the increase of the population; and as the population of the great towns, which is Liberal, grows faster than that of the villages and country districts, which is under the influence of the priests,

the balance of power constantly inclines in a direction adverse to the clerical party. The constitutional adjustment of which we have spoken has been usually made at the time of the decennial census; but, looking to the existing state of deadlock, it appeared desirable to the Government to anticipate that period in the present instance, and thus to obtain as early as possible a legislature fairly representing the nation as it is. The bill which they introduced for that object was, however, defeated in the manner we have described. Nothing was then left but an appeal to the country. That appeal has been answered by the return of sixty-four Liberal to fifty-two clerical members. The result gives the Ministry a working majority, which they further increase by passing what is equivalent to a Reform Bill. We may venture to indulge the hope that this victory will terminate the difficulties under which constitutional government in Belgium has long laboured. Nothing can be more admirable than the temper and the political prudence with which those difficulties have been encountered by the Liberal party; and every friend of constitutional institutions must rejoice in its triumph. Not only is the opposite party singularly narrow-minded and fanatical—aiming as it does at the entire subjection of the country to the rule of the Roman Catholic Church—but the impediments by which it has of late years obstructed the government of the country, have furnished to the enemies of freedom the materials for many of their bitterest gibes against a parliamentary régime.

The columns of the *Times* have for some days teemed with letters complaining of the conduct of the Controller of Legacy Duties. The grievances thus brought to light are not of recent standing, although they have now for the first time come prominently before the public. Unfortunate legatees and their legal representatives have long groaned under the tyrannical bearing and the unfair requisitions of this official; but at last the worms have turned. The gist of the accusations against Mr. Trevor may be very shortly stated, although the circumstances out of which they arise are different in almost every individual case. In the first place, there is a general concurrence of testimony that the bearing of this functionary is most offensive and arbitrary. He is said to deal with all who have business with him on the theory that their object is to defraud the revenue; to treat them with supercilious hauteur; and, while exacting from them the most punctilious observance of the rules he has laid down, to refuse the slightest assistance or guidance in their fulfilment. But the more serious accusation turns upon the manner in which he exhumes old and obsolete claims, and insists upon the proof of payments made probably forty or fifty years ago. It is nothing to him that the executors, who may fairly be presumed to have duly paid the legacy duties, are dead; that the solicitors who acted for them are also gone; and that, in the natural course of things, receipts given so long ago have crumbled to dust or been destroyed. There is no statute of limitations against the Crown, and he takes the full advantage of this unjust provision of our law. If the books at Somerset House, which are no more infallibly accurate than any other books, do not show that the claims of the revenue have been satisfied, he listens to no excuse, but proceeds with the ample means at his command to extort payment from anyone he can render liable. Remonstrance is in vain, and experience seems to have proved that appeal to his official superiors is almost useless. The first article in the creed of a revenue board is, that every consideration must give way to the exaction of taxes; and, in comparison with the realisation of this primary object of their existence, they treat with sovereign contempt the claims of the taxpayer either to mercy or justice. Now that public attention has been called to this most flagrant case, it is, however, scarcely possible that such a course can be persisted in. Although the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken the unusual course of writing to a newspaper in defence of his subordinate, he will find it necessary to check the mischievous and oppressive zeal of Mr. Trevor. If he does not, he will be compelled by parliamentary pressure to bring the action of the legacy department into far closer conformity than at present with common sense, with ordinary fairness, and with a due regard to the convenience of the taxpayer, as well as the interests of the revenue.

The annual report of the Commissioners of Customs presents a most satisfactory and cheering picture of the condition and progress of British commerce. Notwith-

standing some unfavourable circumstances abroad, and the crippled condition of one branch of our manufacturing industry at home, our exports in 1863 amounted to £146,480,768, against £135,891,227 in 1860—when the figures were the largest ever reached previous to last year. Our trade with France has fallen off as compared with 1862 to the extent of £542,000; but with this exception there is an increase in our dealings with all foreign customers, not even excepting the Federal States of North America. This augmented trade is very fairly distributed over all the principal branches of our national industry; and thus indicates that all are holding their own in the world's competition. Turning to our imports, we find that in 1863 they reached the sum of £248,900,942, or something like an increase of 10 per cent. on the previous year. The benefit of this augmented trade seems to have gone principally to our own colonies, from which we bought in 1863 goods to the amount of £84,700,000, against £65,300,000 in 1862. It is important to notice that the quantity of cotton imported is nearly 30 per cent. in excess of the previous year, having risen from 4,678,333 cwt. in 1862 to 5,978,422 cwt. in the following year. There is an increase in almost all the principal articles of home consumption; an increase not confined to articles which may be called necessities, but extending also to many which are completely luxuries. Thus, there is an augmentation of 240 gallons in the import of brandy and gin, of more than 2,200,000 gallons in that of wine, and of nearly 13,000,000 pounds in the supply of tobacco. At the same time, the consumption of coffee has risen from 94,000,000 to 117,350,000 pounds, and of tea from 115,000,000 to 137,000,000 pounds; while the healthy condition of the revenue derived from sugar is evidenced by an advance of nearly 10 per cent. The soundness of our recent fiscal policy is very clearly shown. In the three years from 1860 to 1862, the total amount of customs duties remitted was £2,626,266, and in 1863 £1,708,785. During the same period (1860-3) the total recovery was £2,848,364, or 65 per cent. on the reductions. It only remains to add, in order to complete this very pleasant picture of our national prosperity, that during the past year there was an increase of above a million tons in the entries of British shipping, concurrently with a decrease of 200,000 tons of foreign shipping.

There appears likely to be no falling off in the number, at any rate, of "extra-parliamentary utterances" in the present autumn. During the past week, Messrs. Kinglake and Martin have addressed their constituents at Rochester; but, although they seem to have uttered thousands of the most orthodox Liberal sentiments, we do not perceive that their speeches are otherwise remarkable. Far more interesting is that which Mr. Lindsay delivered at Sunderland. Occupying himself entirely with the American question, the honourable member dwelt with great force upon what we should call the patent facts of the case, if we did not find them habitually ignored by Northern partizans. He showed that the real object of the present war is not the emancipation of the negro, but the restoration of the Union and the subjugation of the South; and he demonstrated with almost superfluous elaboration the hopelessness of the undertaking in which Mr. Lincoln is engaged. He was, at the same time, able, both on the strength of published facts and of his private correspondence, to point out some reasons for believing that the North are at last growing tired of a struggle so protracted, so bloody, and so fruitless. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, he still retains the opinion that the intervention and good offices of England and France would have been favourably received by both belligerents, and would, at least, have given strength to the peace party in the North. Without at present discussing the question whether there ever was a time when such an interposition might have been attended with happy results, it appears to us pretty clear that the opportunity has now gone by. Indeed, Mr. Lindsay seems to be almost of the same opinion, for the faint way in which he argues against this view contrasts very strongly with the energetic manner in which he formerly advocated an Anglo-French intervention. He probably feels that things have now gone too far for a pacific arrangement; that, come what may, the conflict must be fought out; and that the only possible basis of a really permanent settlement is such proof as war carried on to the bitter end can alone afford—that the North cannot gain the

empire, but that the South can maintain the independence, for which they are respectively fighting.

Grant has sustained a severe, and probably decisive, defeat before Petersburg. That movement of two corps of his army across the James river, to which we adverted last week, was intended as a cover to a long and carefully prepared assault upon the fortifications of the town before which his army has been encamped for some time. When it was supposed that Lee's attention had thus been effectually distracted, a mine was sprung; a Confederate fort and its defenders were hurled into the air; and the Federal troops rushed eagerly and confidently to the attack. For a few minutes they carried all before them; but a concentrated fire from an inner line of works was then opened. First, the negro, and then the white troops broke, fell into disorder, and ultimately gave way. The loss of probably not far from 10,000 men had placed the Federal general no nearer Richmond. According to reports current in New York, it had indeed at last convinced him of the impracticable nature of the enterprise in which he was engaged. It is certain that soon afterwards he held a long conference on board a steamboat with Mr. Lincoln; and that he was subsequently alleged to be moving on Washington. If such a step has been taken, it is most likely due, in part, to the advance of the Confederates into Pennsylvania. It is clear that that State lies at the mercy of the forces under General Early; and that nothing can save it but the despatch from Grant's army of such a body of men as would render very precarious the position of the remainder before Petersburg. But whether the obstinacy of the Federal commander has or has not been overcome by the necessity of defending his own territory from invasion, there can be no reasonable doubt that the campaign against Richmond is virtually at an end. The position of affairs at Atlanta seems substantially the same as it was last week. Sherman is still in front of the town, but he has not yet ventured to attack it. On the contrary, Hood has taken the initiative in every one of the engagements which have recently occurred; and, although none of them have been decisive, it is evident that the result, so far as it has gone, has been favourable to the Confederates. From the fact of a division of Sherman's cavalry having been routed while returning from a raid in the rear of Atlanta, it is obvious that the place is not invested; and, so long as any line of communication remains open to the army which occupies it, the chances are eminently favourable to their holding on until reinforcements can reach them. Upon the whole, we see no reason to apprehend that this important Confederate position is in serious danger.

DENMARK'S DREAM.

LAST week, the chiefs of the last Polish National Government were hanged on the glacis of Warsaw, and the preliminaries of the partition of Denmark were signed at Vienna. An ominous coincidence! Is it to be reckoned as simply fortuitous, or is it such a coincidence as natural philosophers seek to explain dreams to be—those fatal dreams in which the unconscious soul receives the impress of events which yet lie in the womb of time, but are too surely brought forth at last? Is Poland Denmark's dream? Is the consummation of the fate of the earlier victim only by accident simultaneous with the commencement of the later agony, or is it the foreboding shadow of that which in the ripeness of time the world shall yet see a second time realised? At least, by such coincidences—whether we call them the result of natural law, or glimpses of the unknown vouchsafed by Providence—we are sometimes usefully startled into recognition of the influences that beneath the visible current of daily events are hurrying on. And Europe has had more than one such ill dream of late. More than once she has plainly seen that—

"An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

Her noblest races, the models of the highest development to which in form or intellect humanity seems capable of reaching, have been strangely struck down by hordes of misshapen savages or the puny offsprings of a false civilization. The fantastic Frenchman, well described by a poet of his own nation as a mixture of the tiger and the ape, has his foot on the neck of the still haughty and majestic Roman; the ill-featured and murderous Croat holds in bondage the superb

Hungarian; the Russian serf is the slave-driver and executioner of the graceful and polished Pole; the gross Saxon boor seizes the inheritance of the large-souled descendants of the Vikings. Most striking, perhaps, if least apparently important, is that this very year has seen the root and type of our race, the beautiful and gallant Circassians, driven from their prediluvian home by the Tartar and the Calmuck to perish in an alien land. Ugly night-mares, these, to haunt us in the sleep of over-fed prosperity! A new irruption of barbarians presses the life out of Europe. If its progress is less distinctly perceived than that which quenched Roman civilization in blood and ruin, it is because it is more general, and, therefore, more sure. From the Euxine to the North Sea it spreads steadily onwards, and irresistibly absorbs its successive opponents. It is one, while we are many, and it turns with savage cunning our disunion into our defeat. It carries off the conquered Pole to aid in conquering the Circassian; it transplants the subjugated Hungarian to hold Venice and Denmark in subjugation; it mixes Italian and Finlander in the armies that desolate Poland; and soon it will have absorbed the Schleswig-Dane in the ranks that hold all Europe eastward of the Rhine in bondage, and that still are pressing on. We, indeed, the heart of civilization, still escape. But how long after the extremities are enchained will the heart be able to keep its healthy action?

There is, indeed, something at once unnatural and appalling in the means by which this new tide of barbarism gains ground on freedom and intellectual refinement. It is effected by turning the arms of science and progress against itself, and making those discoveries whose natural action tends to raise mankind the very instrument by which growth is stopped and mankind is brutalised. The latest inventions in firearms, in ships of war, in the defence of fortresses, are instantly taken advantage of by the despots whose battalions overrun Europe. With all our own energy and manufacturing skill we are laggards in the race of military improvement beside the Russian, the Austrian, or the Prussian Powers. No wonder, then, that the smaller and less active States, such as Denmark, Switzerland, or Holland, though the very nurses of freedom and all peaceful arts, should find themselves far outstripped, and forced, when driven to bay, to combat with weapons and systems which a few years of rapid modern progress have rendered as antiquated as chain-armour or the science of the balista. But even more cruel and deadly is the method by which the mass of inert or even repugnant humanity which has been already enslaved is forced to work its master's will in furthering the enslavement of others. The conscript serf knows nothing of the merits of the quarrel in which he is driven on to fight; the conscript Pole, or Hungarian, or Italian, knows well that it is against his own country he combats when he charges the foes of his tyrant sovereign. Yet such is the new power of modern discipline, that indifference and disaffection are alike stifled and made to fulfil the purpose designed as thoroughly as if they were replaced by patriotism and devoted loyalty. With demoniac knowledge of human nature, the tyrants count on the natural pugnacity of the human race to make man fight with man like bulldogs in a ring when once brought face to face; and they are able, by the modern military system of strategy, to wield them so that, till brought into the field, they have no knowledge of the work they have to do. Like those singular bands of musicians whom the Czars love to maintain, in which each performer utters only a single note, but by the skill of the teacher and the conductor the combination is made to execute the most difficult pieces; so the single soldier, who knows no more than to march and halt at word of command, and to strike one blow when placed opposite his pretended enemy, is the unit in a vast system of which the result is the overthrow of ancient kingdoms, and the crushing of freedom throughout the world. But, as every system reacts on itself, the consequence of the adoption of a method so artificial is to compel still greater care in keeping the soldier, and the populations from which he is taken, utterly sunk in ignorance, lest, if the armies should but learn their real purpose and work, a convulsion of despair might yet vindicate their manhood. So the downward progress ever advances with increasing velocity, men are ever more and more degraded, and, as their masters have themselves confessed, it becomes every day more and more needful to absorb and destroy all states in which the image of liberty is still reflected.

Now that the Palmerston Ministry, so distinguished—as its chief has informed us—for its remarkable ability, has been preserved to us for at least a few safe months, and that we have secured the benefit of the Premier's large wisdom and experience to improve all festive occasions during the recess, it

is possible that we may find time to think whither, under such influences as these, Europe is rapidly tending. At least such considerations, if lost of late in self-satisfaction, and some measure of self-glorification, were not wholly unknown to the minds of British statesmen while Britain had statesmen. Twenty years ago, we watched with apprehension the strides of Russia over the steppes of Central Asia, and feared the extending influence of France in the East. Our alarm at that time was only for India; yet it was sufficient to engage us in desperate wars, lest our situation by quiescence might become such as no war could redeem. But the march of our enemies is now no longer eastward upon our dependencies, but westward upon our allies and ourselves. And because we now think we made blunders in resisting it by force when it only threatened to curtail the limits of our Empire, we have come to the conviction that we ought to allow it to hold its way when it strikes at the very centre. Strange infatuation! Singular delusion, to imagine that a system by its nature so inevitably aggressive will be driven back by the narrow seas that protect our shores! Like Canute, we sit on the brink, and bid it recoil at our word; but, unlike Canute, we believe in the potency of our own command, and calmly watch the tide as it submerges all surrounding objects, confident that it dare not come to us. Heaven grant that we may soon receive such warning as will at last rouse us—a warning merciful, if it be but severe enough to teach us that we are mortals too, that we cannot dis sever our fate from that of our fellow men, and that, if we would retain freedom, civilization, Christianity itself, we must be ready to fight for them whenever they are assailed.

OUR FUTURE NAVY.

FROM the moment when the French Government adopted the proposals of General Paixhans, and introduced into the armament of their ships guns for firing shell horizontally, the old system of naval warfare was doomed. Those venerable wooden line-of-battle ships, so rich in historic traditions, so grand in their proportions, and so magnificent and imposing in their appearance, which had hitherto ruled the ocean, and thundered away at each other by the hour with undaunted pertinacity, were suddenly deposed. Nay, a fleet of them, in face of one swift iron-clad frigate, armed with these terrible guns and projectiles, became as a flock of sheep before a lion. The magnitude of the consequences which were to flow from this change of armament was doubtless not at first fully perceived; for it is only to the prophetic eye of genius that it is given clearly to presage the future, when that future is fraught with changes widely subversive of existing realities.

The old cannon-ball which went through a ship's side, cutting a man in two, or taking off an arm or leg in its passage, and leaving a round hole easily plugged, was in reality a harmless missile in comparison with this new engine of destruction. The shell, bursting in the side of a ship, acts as a mine, tearing and shattering the framework, loosening the fastenings, starting the butts, and producing leaks which it is impossible to stop; nor are its effects upon the crew less disastrous than on the hull of the vessel. If we consider the large number of men concentrated in a small space on the gun-deck of a ship in action, and then attempt to realise the effect of the explosion of large shells filled with heavy bursting charges of powder in an area at once so limited and so crowded with human beings, we cannot fail to perceive that a wholesale and exterminating slaughter must ensue, against which no bravery, no discipline, can avail. In wooden ships, the additional horrors of conflagration could hardly be escaped. Prolonged combat at close quarters between ships so armed becomes impossible; for, as an English admiral forcibly observed, within a few minutes one of the adversaries would probably disappear in the air, and the other beneath the water. In the imminence of such results lies the history of the introduction of so great an innovation as coating vessels with iron armour. In fact, the suggestion was made by General Paixhans, and accompanied his original proposition for supplying the navy with guns for horizontal shell-firing—as the natural reply on the part of the defence to such an accession of power on the side of the attack as the adoption of the Paixhans' guns and projectiles was calculated to afford.

That a suggestion so costly, and involving such a complete *bouleversement* of all the existing arrangements of a ship of war, was not welcomed by naval architects, but was allowed to rest on the shelf till called for by the present energetic ruler of France, to supply the wants of the day, can easily be understood. The French, attaching more honour to intellectual pre-eminence than the English, have always shown more jealousy

and pertinacity than the latter in claiming for their own countrymen the credit of priority in inventions and discoveries. The distinction of having been the first to perceive the advantages of horizontal shell-firing against ships has hitherto been divided between General Paixhans and the first Emperor Napoleon, who is stated to have once made the suggestion. In reality, however, the honour of being the first to divine the advantages of the expedient, as well as to apply it in actual warfare, belong to an Englishman; and it is not a little curious that the same locality where the experiment was first tried (the waters of the Chersonesus), and the same contending nations (the Russians and the Turks), should have afforded the world the second opportunity of realising the destructive effect of the new missiles at Sinope.

In 1788, Sir Samuel Bentham, then a lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service, fitted out a flotilla of small vessels and ship's boats. Instead of arming them with 4-pounders and 6-pounders according to the routine of the day, he contrived, by strengthening them and specially constructing platforms for the purpose, to make them carry 30 and 40 pounders. This unheard-of innovation on existing usages was accompanied by another still more novel. In place of cannon-balls, all the vessels of the flotilla were provided with shells of two kinds, one charged with powder, like bomb-shells, the other filled with combustible materials. The Turks despised the insignificant appearance of their adversaries, and expected an easy victory; but the result was the complete defeat of the Turkish fleet. Seven ships of the line were burned and sunk, and one of 60 guns captured, while the remainder only escaped by putting to sea. The Russian flotilla was almost entirely manned by soldiers, on which Bentham observes:—"In point of fact, I could not but feel that the success had resulted far more from the manner in which the flotilla was armed than from any extraordinary skill or bravery on the part of the combatants."

For ten years past we have been occupied in working out the problem of guns *versus* armoured ships, with the result, as is generally supposed, of having at last arrived at a physical *reductio ad absurdum*, which leaves us, as far as the vulnerability of ships is concerned, just where we commenced. The strongest system of iron plating yet obtained, compatible with a sea-going ship, occupies the same position, as regards penetrability with reference to the latest attainments in artillery, that the old wooden ship occupied with reference to the old shell-guns. The Shoeburyness season has closed with great *éclat*, in presence of a numerous and distinguished assembly of officers and men of science, with the destruction of a target built to scale, on the Continental principle. The upper portion of the target, consisting of $4\frac{3}{4}$ plates, backed by 27 inches of wood, represented the side of the *Gloire*, and the under portion, formed of 6-inch plates, with the same thickness of wooden backing, represented the *Flandres*, the latest and best specimen of the French iron-clads. The *Times* observes on the result of the experiments:—"What with larger guns and steel shot, it is now taken as a matter of course that our heavy ordnance can as easily pierce any system of armour-plating that can reasonably be expected to float at sea as if it was so much wood. In plain terms, this is really the result at which the Shoeburyness experiments have at last arrived, no matter what the target or the system of coating. . . . In every instance, the projectile went clear through 6 inch or 5 inch-plates, leaving the massive oak of the French target a mere ruin of splinters scattered far and wide upon the beach, or marking by their tattered fringe where once great beams had been. . . . Nor would the result have been materially altered in any respect had one of our best specimens of armour ships stood on Thursday in place of the French target." Nothing, certainly, can be more complete than the present triumph of artillery, but the important question suggests itself, does this result present the final aspect of the duel? It is, indeed, now very generally believed and asserted, that physical laws forbid that seaworthy shot-proof war-ships shall range the ocean. We venture to doubt the soundness of this conclusion, because we have no good ground for assuming that greatly-improved modes of constructing armour for ships may not be discovered. In fact, we are told that this has actually been done, and that the parties concerned are, moreover, so confident of its success as to be ready to construct an experimental target at their own expense, upon condition of being reimbursed by the Government, in case of its proving superior in resisting power to anything of the same weight previously tried. Here, then, is an opportunity of increasing our knowledge on the subject not to be neglected, since the public get the benefit of the experiment being made without incurring any cost, and pay nothing unless they obtain a valuable equivalent in return.

We will not pretend to predict the result, but it is quite evident, that if we can only continue the construction of targets, each one an improvement on its predecessor, in a very short time a state of perfection must be reached greatly in advance of our present position. Nor do we see anything improbable in the supposition that such improvements are likely eventually to be made. Even with regard to the target just demolished, which was a copy from the French, we read:—"The French system of fastening on the armour with screws is so infinitely superior to our plan of using bolts, as literally to leave no data whatever by which the two can be compared. The French screws always hold on the plates, in spite of everything that shot can do, whereas our bolts break with the first blow, and allow the plate to buckle up at the ends or even to fall bodily off;" and yet we have been going on fastening our plates in this unsatisfactory manner year after year till we have accumulated a fleet of twenty vessels, each and all defective from this cause, without ever once trying the plan known to have been adopted after careful experiments by our neighbours—*till the other day!* Surely when a question has been in the hands of men who evince such apathy respecting facts of great and urgent practical importance, the determination of which lay clearly within their reach, as to suffer the matter to slumber for years, we have small ground for assuming that they have exhausted all the available resources of constructive art applicable to a subject at once so extensive and so novel.

Again, we doubt the conclusion that shot-proof sea-going ships-of-war cannot be constructed, because we think much may be done in the direction of making them more exclusively mere *locomotive batteries*, with crews greatly diminished in number compared with our present iron-clads, and comprising few besides gunners, firemen, and engineers. The guns, being heavier, will be fewer in number, and, by availing ourselves of the assistance of machinery for manœuvring them, the number of men required per gun may be greatly reduced. Moreover, less accommodation for berthing men will be required, as well as less space for provisions and stores; so that vessels may be constructed with submerged ends and a central gun-deck only one-half, one-third, or one-fourth the total length of the ship, which would enable the gun-deck to be plated with 12 inches of iron, without destroying the sea-worthy qualities of the structure. We lay no claim to originality for this idea, for we believe a plan substantially the same was submitted to the Admiralty some years ago, and the inventor has again and again predicted that the description of iron-clads the Admiralty continued to lay down would become obsolete and superseded by the progress of gunnery by the time they were ready for launching. This, it now appears, is admitted to be the case, so that a total change of system has evidently become a necessity. The question clearly cannot rest where it is, and the suggestions we have offered seem to us to present the only solution of the difficulty. At all events, we hope by making them to call public attention to a problem which lies at the present moment directly across our path, demanding solution, whilst on its right determination the most momentous interests are staked.

THE REPEAL AGITATION.

THERE is in this shifting age one political phenomenon, at all events, which never alters. Come what may, Ireland is always on the brink of a revolution. So at least the orators of the Irish National party would for ever have us believe. This week there has been another meeting of the advanced patriots of Erin; and we are, for the thousandth time, threatened with all the terrors of the pikes of Tipperary. It is not easy to collect, from a distance, of whom the National leaders are composed. There are, as usual, the priests. The Roman Catholic clergy are too conscious, both of their own genius for rollicking denunciation and of the folly of their flocks, to allow their lights to be eclipsed under a bushel. They stand boldly in the van of the disaffected, and seem not to be aware how degrading it is for ministers of peace to be for ever hounding on an ignorant and fanatical peasantry to their own ruin and destruction. In the next place figures a little clique of newspaper editors. As these are probably dependent upon agitation for their subsistence, they ought not to be judged too harshly. Then there are the "boys" from the jaunting-cars, when business is slack. Then there are the tenantry, who have been ejected by tyrants, because they would not pay rent to a Saxon. With them come the young mechanics, who have nothing to do in the long summer evenings, except to prepare to die for liberty. Lastly, we have, perhaps, the link-bearers, who will not be wanted by the "Castle" till the winter nights.

All these are true to the backbone, and ready to do as much shouting and cheering for old Ireland as she can desire.

If asked what they all want, this motley assemblage will reply that they want Repeal. It is with the name of Repeal, and not Emancipation, that they wish to associate the memory of O'Connell. They do not complain, that is to say, of oppression. The British Constitution, with its blessings, is not what these singular fanatics desire. They want, on the contrary, to have none of it; to go back a century at least in the history of Irish progress; and to have Ireland altogether left to the tender mercies of the Irish. This means—if it means anything—leaving Ireland to the mercy of two rival and exasperated parties, between whom there must, in such a case, sooner or later, be a deadly and exterminating war. The pikes of Tipperary may be brandished at present in the faces of the English; but their real destiny, if England stood passive on the stage, would be to be imbrued before long in the blood of Belfast. It is the fashion to say that the animosity displayed by the Irish National party towards the British Government results purely from difference of race. Difference of religion has as much to do with it. There is all the barrier between the Celt and the Englishman that there is between the Pole and the Russian. It is not many months since an accomplished French writer told us that Ireland was England's Poland. He forgot to add the important distinction that Ireland is a Poland which is absolutely free. There is no constitutional privilege which she does not possess equally with ourselves. Even at this moment, Ireland flatters herself overmuch if she supposes that England regards the union as in the least essential to her own happiness or strength. What does Ireland gain from the Union? Good government, peace, and as much prosperity and capital as can be forced on a nation which has no ear for anyone but a demagogue, and which has so signally failed to support itself. What else? Places everywhere for Irishmen. Places in the Army, places in the Navy, places in the Board of Trade, places in the Post-office—places, in fact, wherever they are to be found. But if we look at the reverse of the medallion, and try to discover what England gains, the answer is not so obvious. Probably the sum and substance of England's benefit amounts to this: she is able to protect a Protestant minority from brutal violence, if not from extinction. The Protestants in Ireland have their faults. The less educated of them are sometimes as intolerant, as intemperate, and as headstrong as their opponents. They have a natural turn for throwing brickbats at a priest, which is almost as irrestrainable as the Tipperary man's honest passion for breaking Protestant heads. But English rule is not to blame for this. The fanaticism of Derry is as grievous an annoyance to this country as is the mania of the O'Donoghue and his followers. We are for ever trying to repress it by pains and penalties. Would the north of Ireland be less irritating to the south if an Irish Parliament sat on the other side of the Channel? We have little doubt that, before many months, north and south would find, in such a case, a common political existence almost too terrible a calamity to be borne.

It is, however, to achieve a Repeal of this Union, which alone saves Ireland from internecine contest, that the foolish agitators of the country are banded together. They even hope—so, at least, their spokesmen assure us—to obtain the confidence of Protestants as well as of Roman Catholics. This is giving Irish Protestants credit for a simplicity to which, probably, they are not entitled. Occasionally, in a moment of extreme disgust at England's equity and moderation, some Irish Protestants begin to menace us with a withdrawal of the confidence of the North; and it seems that some of the more diplomatic Repealers have begun to take them at their word. But such a threat seems singularly feeble and silly to any impartial spectator who reflects that it is on account of these very Protestant malcontents that we have pledged our honour that the Union shall be preserved. If it were honourable or honest to resign them to their fate, who knows whether England might not be tempted to wash her hands of a province which is no great addition to her strength? We should, at all events, get rid of Irish members of Parliament; and it would be a grim satisfaction during a shortened session to be able to conjure up the picture of what was taking place in the windy councils of the Celtic Legislature no very great distance off. But Irish Protestants are too sensible to be anxious to return to a state of anarchy, if not barbarism. Father Quaide and Father Horan, if they are wise, will not wait for the adhesion of the Irish Church before they begin marching about by moonlight and whetting their pikes.

The object of the Catholic priests is doubtless a twofold one. It is natural, perhaps, that they should desire the destruction of the Irish Church. But the Irish Church is by

no means bound up with the cause of the Irish Union. It preceded it, it might survive it; or, on the other hand, the Union might survive the present national Establishment. What the Catholic priesthood want is not liberty, but empire. They desire, it may be, to rule Ireland as they ruled Spain till lately; and, indeed, a country without a powerful aristocracy, without large educated classes, and without commercial enterprise, would in all probability come to be priest-ridden, if no one interfered. That this is Father Horan's object at any rate will be believed by those who have read the language in which he appeals to the passions of his audience:—

"He believed he might say that throughout his whole parish, which extended from Mr. Gill's to the Devil's Bit, the parishioners of Toomavara would be found ready to go with him even to the battle-field; and, without desiring to make professions, he would say that if the time came when the wrongs of this country might be avenged, the men of Toomavara would not be found absent; and he need only tell them that there were no troops on earth that could withstand the headlong charge of Tipperary. He would go bail that every one of his people would become members of the league, and, when the day would come—he would say no more, for it would be dangerous."

So rings the pious eloquence of a Roman Catholic parish priest. Not merely does he talk of troops and war; he promises to take care to enlist his parish also. Whether the troops of Tipperary are fitted or not to polish off creation, and what the martial genius of Father Horan might accomplish charging on to glory at their head, it is not necessary to discuss. If they are to fight up to Father Horan's speechifying, there will, indeed, be hot work for all their antagonists. It is sufficient to ask whether the Irish police have taken any notice of this mad priest's inflammatory nonsense. In ordinary cases, perhaps the best course is to let British firebrands alone. They burn themselves out quite as fast as anyone else can extinguish them. But a seditious priest is not an ordinary culprit. He has the means of perverting others; and the Irish Government, if they wish for an example, cannot do better than to select the gentleman in question.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" AND HAYMARKET ATTORNEYS.

WE had occasion to speak last week of a class of attorneys which seemed springing up in London, and whose avocation consisted chiefly in managing the litigious business of the Haymarket. In so doing, we incidentally noticed the case of Rowland v. Poynder, and remarked that it would be an interesting thing to know, in all such cases, the names of the plaintiff's attorney. The injured Miss Rowland has addressed us this week a letter, the general object of which seems to be to vindicate, alternately, her own character and the character of her professional advisers. As we impeached neither, the communication was at least unnecessary. Miss Rowland, however, insists upon informing us that her attorney is Mr. Edward Johnson, of 10, Clifford's Inn, Fleet-street. We have no doubt that Mr. Edward Johnson is fully deserving of the confidence reposed in him by his client, and that he is as virtuous as she has been unfortunate, in all except litigation. He appears, at all events, to give satisfaction to a varied circle of acquaintances; for Miss Rowland goes on to say that she has heard him spoken of in high terms

"By several professional gentlemen; two medical (and each M.D. and M.R.C.S.E.); two counsel, an architect, and a very popular comedian."

Laudari a laudato viro is, as we all know, the best of recommendations. Furnished with this string of testimonials by votaries of every art, from medicine down to comedy, Mr. Edward Johnson has now added to his catalogue of patrons Miss Jemima Rowland,—and, raised upon such a pedestal, hardly requires that we should disavow insinuations which, as a matter of fact, could not with propriety have been made. As for the ordinary Haymarket attorney, Miss Jemima Rowland tells us that she knows him well. Repeated experience of the class in question, during the last eight years, induced her to be cautious to whom she intrusted her most delicate and painful case. Judged by the side of these, Mr. Edward Johnson shines in the comparison; and, if any further guarantee of the latter gentleman's respectability could be wanting still, Miss Jemima Rowland points to the fact that Mr. Serjeant Parry himself did not decline to receive a brief from Mr. Edward Johnson's hands:—

"I am sure that gentlemen like Mr. Serjeant Parry and the other four learned gentlemen engaged on my behalf, would not have received their briefs if the instructions were otherwise than those given by me,

namely, that on no account was any immoral sentence to be read or mentioned unless by order of the Court, if insisted upon by defendant's counsel."

So much for Mr. Edward Johnson. Miss Rowland, it will be seen, next passes on to do justice to Mr. Serjeant Parry. It will be a comfort to the excellent Mr. Serjeant Parry, after his exertions in Miss Jemima Rowland's behalf, thus to learn indirectly the estimate which that lady takes of his moral character behind his back. Both he and his brother Serjeant (Mr. Ballantyne), if they did nothing else, appear to have impressed her with a high sense of the purity of the Home Circuit. Miss Rowland, at all events, came away from the consultation profoundly conscious that both her counsel would object upon principle to reading in open court any sentence that verged upon the indecorous. She does not seem to have counted with equal certainty upon Mr. Hawkins and his juniors on the other side; or to have felt confident even of Mr. Baron Martin—the judge who tried the cause. She trembled apparently lest Mr. Baron Martin should at once have made an order to have everything read. It must be a cause of general congratulation that Mr. Hawkins and the learned Baron were providentially preserved from a course which would have wounded the delicacy of Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Serjeant Ballantyne, and Miss Jemima Rowland. From the attorney to the judge, the Home Circuit has done its duty.

Having successfully vindicated the reputations of Mr. Edward Johnson, of her four counsel, and of the Home Circuit at large, Miss Jemima Rowland next travels on to the reputation of Mr. Poynder. She whitewashes Mr. Poynder as far as it gracefully can be done. The pen of Miss Rowland ought to be an ensample to some of those writers who, when they write, are wont to dip their pens in gall. Her letter is aromatic with charity and kindness, and it may be said of it that *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. She thinks it right to say of Mr. Poynder, that his earlier letters were perfect in delicacy of tone. It was only later in the story that he altered his style, and, indeed, it was in consequence of her complaints upon this score that their estrangement really began. Having discharged the last melancholy offices to Mr. Poynder's character, Miss Rowland finally bethinks her of doing justice to herself. For eight years she has maintained and educated her brothers and sisters at boarding-schools, instead of "keeping horses and carriages." We desire to cast no stone at her, nor to decide between her and her companion in publicity; such things, no doubt, are done, for the world is not wholly bad. There are women who are victims as well as women who make others victims, and it is not imputed to this person that she belongs to the latter category. The concluding passage in her letter, if true, points to many a secret history of distress and vice still more melancholy than those which ordinarily meet us in the newspapers:—

"When I took the situation in the *café* in 1856, I did not know the difference between the Haymarket and Belgravia, nor have I ever been in the Haymarket or into a *café* since then; and I am sorry to tell you that it is an invariable rule with the proprietors of these *cafés* to employ as barmaids inexperienced and innocent girls from the country. The younger and prettier they are the better they like it, as it is the tender youth, the beauty, and the new face which attract the customers and the wealthy."

Those charitable persons whose object is not merely to reclaim the fallen, but to protect the inexperienced, cannot do better than take a hint from this paragraph. It is one more proof of the certain truth that the Haymarket is the abode, not merely of vice, but of crime.

THE UNPROTECTED MALE.

THE murder of Mr. Briggs has made a railway journey an occasion of terror and of trembling to that sex which never, in theory, ought to be alarmed at anything. Hitherto, the unprotected female enjoyed the undivided solicitude of her friends; and, if anything disagreeable happened on the rail, the subject of the adventure was ordinarily a woman. Things are changing very fast. Gentlemen have discovered that their own sex is not secure from peril; and the panic at once becomes universal. The unprotected female has some advantages over the unprotected male. The station-masters along the line are at her service, and are bound to render her a subdued homage. The guard of the train stands to her in the same position which Great Heart occupies towards Christiana in the "Pilgrim's Progress." He sees to her personal comforts, he prevents intruders from trespassing on her privacy, and at the various stages of her route he appears at the window to learn whether all is well. "We thank thee, O Lord"—intone the congregation of the Jewish synagogue—"that thou hast not made us women." From their lattices in the gallery, the

Jewish ladies reply, week after week:—"We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made us what we are." It may seriously be questioned whether, in a railway journey, the feeble sex is not, after all, better off and less exposed to danger; and whether a caravan of beauties may not be likely to arrive at their destination more safely than a caravan of bankers' confidential clerks.

In the first place, it must be recollected that the unprotected male is not a prey to male vultures only. There are female harpies to be avoided also. A single fellow-traveller of either sex may be a serious misfortune. If he is a gentleman, we prudently bolt from him to escape the fate of Mr. Briggs; if a lady, we bolt to avoid the lot of Mr. Poynder. The honest Briton's only security lies in publicity. Company in a railway-carriage has its drawbacks; but company and a crowd are far less objectionable than a solemn *tête-à-tête*. Yet it is not the actual possibility of harm that is the chief annoyance. Worst of all is the horrid consciousness, not merely that you are uneasy, but that you are making the traveller in the opposite corner uneasy too. Affability of manners is no sort of consolation to an agitated neighbour. It is no sort of use to offer him the *Times*, or to show a disposition to engage him in conversation. Both parties simultaneously feel that it is possible Mr. Briggs's murderer was affable in his manners. You know, as the train rolls on, that, though he may pretend to be looking out of the window, your *vis-à-vis* is keeping half an eye upon your movements, and that you are keeping half an eye on his. In a situation of this kind, the same thoughts, doubtless, go on recurring to both minds with informal persistence: Am I at all like a banker's confidential clerk? Is it possible that the gentleman opposite takes me for a wealthy stock-broker? Has he been buttoning away his watch? On the other hand, is he wondering where I can have buttoned away mine? Is he an escaped maniac? Or is he debating, in his turn, whether I have a Hanwell look about the eye? In the old days of coach travelling, one of the favourite rules of the gallant highwayman was to book his place as a passenger by the very conveyance which he was about to rob. For one-half of the journey he showed himself fascinating in his devotion to the ladies, polite to the gentlemen, and cheery to the guard. Such was one of the recognised artifices of the profession. It was not till the coach began to walk up hill at some lonely spot that the pleasing fellow-voyager threw aside his cloak and displayed his arms, while a confederate appeared, leading a saddled horse, at the window.

The insecurity of Dick Turpin's times are beginning afresh. It will henceforward be half the art of travelling to distrust everybody. The experienced man, when he enters the carriage, stows away his purse inside his boot. Soon it will be the fashion, when we arrive at the mouth of the Box Tunnel, to look to the capping of our pistols. Indeed, if railway journeys are henceforward to be full of danger and adventure, they will be far worse than any other mode of travel can be even in the most brigand-haunted locality in Europe. When Dick Turpin's celebrated mare was seen at the coach door, it was just possible to be beforehand with her rider by shooting him dead upon the spot. But the wariest man in England cannot defend himself against a respectable-looking companion, who takes him unawares in a tunnel, or while he is snoozing on a cushion. The railway villain can choose his own opportunity; and he is further emboldened by the knowledge, that, if he selects the interval between two fairly-distant stations for his enterprise, there will be absolutely no chance either of rescue or pursuit. It may be fairly believed, that if robberies in railway carriages become rife, murders in railway carriages will increase in the same proportion. The man who robs in a railway carriage must be, from the nature of the case, a determined ruffian. He must be prepared to follow up his assault by jumping out of the door while the train is going at full speed. The least resistance on the part of the assailed will end most probably in a murderous affray; for the adventurous robber who enters a train "burns his ships," and has no safety except in complete victory. The case of Mr. Briggs is precisely to the point. If Mr. Briggs had been attacked on the high road, he would never have been murdered. He was killed because the scene of the robbery was a train in motion, where there was no alternative for the attacking party except either to kill or to be caught. Railway robberies, for those who are the actors in them, are likely to prove a deadly species of adventure. If we are to be left in our present defenceless condition on the rail, those who start by train had better go armed, and make their wills before they go.

The only real protection to railway travellers lies in complete publicity. To talk of bells and wires betrays a simplicity of nature and an inexperience which would be

interesting if it was not pernicious. The most serious objection is, not that old ladies would be pulling away at the wires every quarter of an hour, probable though it may be that the unprotected female would be for ever imagining that the flooring was on fire or that the carriage was getting off the rails. The real difficulty is that gentlemen belonging to the highway profession might hit upon the *bizarre* idea of cutting the wire before they began operations. To assume that the victim will always command the handle of the bell is begging the whole question, and we might as well—when we are about it—assume that the guard will always be looking in at the window at the exact moment when the highwayman is going to commence. For similar reasons, it is not enough to provide means of communication with the rest of the train. It is doubtful whether the invention would not prove extremely useful to the evil-disposed. At any rate, they would probably take admirable care that it did not prove too serviceable to their victims. Publicity is the only remedy for a state of things the danger of which arises from the present privacy of railway carriages. There are only two possible methods of securing this publicity. The first is to have long carriages, through which the guard can perambulate from one end of the train to the other. There is one practical objection to this method of construction. Carriages made on this principle are and must be exceedingly draughty. Unless the traveller is so fortunate as to secure a place at one end of the carriage, he is frequently compelled to sit between two open windows, the proprietors of which are obliged to sacrifice intermediate passengers for the sake of air. The other plan seems upon the whole more feasible,—to make the partitions between the first-class carriages plate-glass throughout, except so much of them as is required for the support of the cushions. There is no serious reason why this should not be done; and, unless the railway companies will move in the matter themselves, it is to be hoped Parliament will not hesitate to interfere.

THE ASPHALTUM COMPANY.

In a commercial community, especially in one like our own, in which every year sees the talents and the energies of the country more and more directed to trade and commerce and speculation, it is a matter of the very first importance that those who stand in the position of trustees towards the public should be, first of all, men of probity; next, men of experience and ability; and finally, men who will faithfully use their powers in discharging the duties confided to them. What have we seen within the last year? Names of firms which have stood before the world respectable and honoured for thirty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years, have disappeared, and have been replaced by the names of companies. A great concern, conducted by the men who were immediately interested in its success, and who, if faithless or inefficient, would be traitors or bunglers in their own cause, has passed into the hands of a company managed by a few shareholders, called directors, for the whole body of those who have acquired a stake in its fortunes. Under this new arrangement there has been created at least the possibility of "a divided interest." The Board of Directors may prove to be men who will think only for themselves, who will manœuvre for their own interests, not caring who suffers; or they may be incompetent men; or they may have mixed up in their composition the not infrequent concomitants of knave and fool; or they may be men who, having put their hand to the plough, are unwilling to look back, and who press forward, wasting time and means on what they feel all along to be an unprofitable soil. There may be a dozen other varieties of untrustworthy boards; but to one or other of these three categories they may broadly be referred:—They are either knaves *ab initio*; or men who have meant to be honest if they could, and if they could not, then to manage as best they might; or they are men whose moral character is not particularly pronounced in either direction of honesty or dishonesty, who go in for profits, persevere when they become hopeless, lose something themselves, and entail still greater losses upon others.

It is difficult to say in which of the two latter categories we ought to class the directors of the Asphaltum Company; and, indeed, we would rather not class them under either, but give them the benefit of setting them apart from all others as a special variety, somewhat nondescript, but on the whole not encouraging. Most of them seem to have been in some way or other connected with the European Insurance Company, but in what way life insurance came to be a kindred subject with asphalt we are left to conjecture. It does, indeed, appear in the course of the action which was tried last week at Guild-

ford, and in which Mr. Bale, of Newcastle-under-Lyne, was plaintiff, and Mr. William Cleland, Mr. Alexander Ross, Charles Reynolds, Alfred Wilson, William Baxter Ford, Henry Holland Harrison, and Frederick Paley Chappell, were defendants, that when Mr. Bale took shares in the Asphaltum Company, the European Assurance Society kindly came forward and lent him the money to take them up—a very handsome act, which, no doubt, did not go unrewarded. Moreover, it appears that Mr. William Cleland, who is a man of mark in the Asphaltum Company, is manager of the European, of which Chappell, Reynolds, and Harrison are directors. Was there a hope in the breasts of these gentlemen that the production of asphalt might be indirectly beneficial to the principles of life assurance as represented by the European Society? We do not blame them if there was. The hope might be reasonable, and in itself it was certainly not unfair. We are daily entering more and more into trade and speculation for the sake of their rewards; but then this headlong proneness of people to grow rich by speculation requires that judges and juries and newspapers should be watchful lest craft, or incompetence, or both, creep into this widely-spreading system. Let us, then, look a little more closely into the promise of the Asphaltum Company (Limited), one at least of whose shareholders the European Assurance Society was willing to assist with a loan, premising that the defendants have not allowed the trial to go to a verdict. Protesting that they did and said all things in honour, four of them, Mr. Cleland, Mr. Chappell, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Wilson, have stopped the plaintiff's mouth by giving him all that he has asked. As against Reynolds, Ross, and Harrison, the case was abandoned.

In the autumn of 1860, Mr. Bale, the plaintiff, was living quietly at Newcastle-under-Lyne, when one day the agent of the European Society came to him, and put into his hands a prospectus of the Asphaltum Company. In these days we are all—all of us, at least, who possess anything which is not immediately and importunately demanded by our creditors—on the look-out for a good investment; and even if we have no money in hand, an investment may turn up so promising that we shall do well even to borrow at interest in order to buy fifty, a hundred, or a thousand shares in it. Now, if ever there was such an investment, it was the Asphaltum Company, as set forth both in *esse* and *posse* in the prospectus of 1860. Its promises were almost enough to lure the birds off the trees. What was its object? It was to extract oil from a substance called asphaltum, or chapapote, which was found in large quantities in the Island of Cuba, and which contained not only oil, but "other valuable articles of commerce." There is nothing like having two strings to your bow, unless indeed you can have three, which again is not so good as having four. We know not how many strings the Asphaltum Company had to its bow. First of all, there were the Cuban mines, yielding the asphaltum or chapapote, "and other valuable articles of commerce." Here was a vast field of wealth, to be more particularly specified hereafter; but, in order that there might be no possibility of mistake, the original promoters of the Asphaltum Company—one of whom, by the way, and the principal too, was at the date of the trial nowhere—"expended large sums in testing the value of the material, and, when satisfied upon that point, arranged for the purchase of the mines." Observe how carefully and conscientiously the preliminary proceedings are conducted. The original mainspring of the "original promoters" was, as we might irreverently say, "one Tripler." What adverse fate has befallen that conscientious and meritorious man, we are, unhappily, unable to say. But he it was who first explored those famous asphaltum mines. He it was who induced Cleland and Chappell, of the European, to sign their names, along with his, as original promoters of the Asphaltum Company (Limited); and, no doubt, it was Tripler too who induced J. H. Lewis, the brother-in-law of Chappell; Mr. S. A. Chappell, the brother of the said Chappell; Mr. Beale, Chappell's partner, since happily deceased; and "one Gordon," who appears to have been "a friend of Tripler's," to put their names to that great bond which was to proclaim asphaltum as the coming necessity of the age, and possibly a useful handmaiden to the European Assurance Society.

We have now got as far as Tripler and the mines; and we have seen that, before the conscientious Tripler and his co-original promoters dared to open their lips in the strain of promise to an ignorant and confiding public, they had "expended large sums in testing the value of the material." It is not, indeed, said how large these sums were; that is, perhaps wisely, left to the imagination. But the prospectus goes on to say that when Tripler and his friends were satisfied touching the productiveness of the mines, they made arrange-

ments to purchase them. Fortune favours the brave. The "purchase was made for £50,000 in shares fully paid up," though what became of the money the prospectus does not say. But it *does* say that the holders of these shares modestly decline to participate in any dividend "until the other shareholders have received a preference dividend of five per cent. per share per annum." Surely this modesty was mock-modesty. Could there be a doubt that "the other shareholders" would receive five per cent.? Five per cent.! Why, that was nothing, and no doubt the directors smiled in their sleeves when they talked of it. In these Cuban mines lay more than the treasures of Golconda. The whole island teemed with recondite wealth for this fortunate company. The directors with the mines in hand were "strongly advised to become purchasers of another large property in Cuba, consisting of a mine (in full work, and situate only about 300 or 400 yards from a railway station), and extensive and valuable plant for making and refining oil." Attached to that "valuable plant" was "a wharf, situated in the bay of Havannah." And the purchase of this "large property" included the extensive privilege of making oils in the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, which had been renewed in favour of the Company for fifteen years from the date of the prospectus. Nay, even this was not all. The owners of the last-mentioned property had expended upon it between £60,000 and £70,000; but the benighted wretches, "not possessing sufficient knowledge with reference to the manufacture of oil, disposed of the concern to the Asphaltum Company for the sum of £22,000." And, to crown all, the oil to be raised from these happily-acquired fields of asphaltum was eagerly sought after. "The oil and other products are highly appreciated, and command a ready sale; but, as the existing plant is not capable of producing more than 7,000 gallons of oil per week, it will be necessary to increase the works in order to meet the daily-increasing demand."

Was there ever a tale more adroitly fabricated to attract public confidence? Yet it was all moonshine. Two years had not passed over Mr. Bale's head before he discovered how rash he had been to put faith in the company's prospectus and balance-sheet. Indeed, the latter document was even more delusive than the first; nor can we satisfy ourselves, after the most careful perusal of the evidence, that it was manufactured according to reliable principles. The company had an auditor, who made out for them a balance-sheet, showing a loss of more than £9,000 upon four months' trading. That was not what they wanted. They had a secretary who also made out a balance-sheet; but he too showed a considerable loss. The company wanted to show a profit, and by hook or by crook it must be done. And it was done in this way. The secretary had stated the cost of certain asphaltum which the company had on hand at £5 per ton; they told him to "take his pen and write down" £2. 15s. This reduction not being sufficient, they bade him reduce the amount still further, to £2. 10s. The cost of raising the asphaltum they made him reduce from £1 a ton to 10s. In like manner they reduced the cost of chemicals, deducted from the fuel and wages account, and so on, till they succeeded in showing a profit, and, with a dead loss against them, declared a dividend of 10 per cent. The whole speculation was rotten. The glowing promises of the prospectus were mere flights of imagination, and not many months afterwards the company was wound up. It may be—we should be sorry to deny it—that the defendants were in the first instance deceived by Tripler, and it appears to be certain that they have been heavy losers. But, even admitting this, how came they to declare a dividend out of profits? This is a question which every one must answer for himself. We can only say that, in our opinion, they erred, and erred with their eyes open. The most that can be said for them is that they were sanguine enough to hope for ultimate success, in spite of gloomy appearances. But this is no answer to men who stake their money in a concern, not more on the faith of the honour than the prudence of its directors.

THE YELVERTON CASE AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

MRS. LONGWORTH YELVERTON, or Miss Longworth, or by whatever name we are to call that unfortunate lady, has, in the language of Scotch law, "raised an action for damages, concluding for £3,000," against the *Saturday Review*, on account of the article on her case published in that journal of July 30th, in connection with the judgment of the House of Lords delivered on the 28th. It is asserted in the "condescendence" that this article "abounds in direct or covert attacks upon the pursuer's character; that it is 'false and calumnious, and calculated and intended to represent the pursuer as an immoral, disreputable, immodest person, who was out of keeping with or unfit for society, both as it

is and as it ought to be ;” and that, “although the history of her whole life from childhood was fully investigated, in order that her character might be assailed, and was made the subject of lengthy evidence in the proof in the conjoined actions upon which the House of Lords gave judgment, the said article falsely asserts that ‘she is an adventuress, launched into the world nobody knows how, with a previous history that has never been told,’ insinuating, and intending to insinuate, by this false and calumnious assertion, that her previous history had been of so disreputable a character that it could not be told without shocking public decency, or making some similar insinuation prejudicial to the pursuer’s moral character.”

Before the publication of this article, newspaper readers might have asked themselves if it was possible that in any respectable English journal a writer could be found base and cowardly enough to trample upon the fallen, and to heap insults upon a woman who was overwhelmed by a great humiliation. Yet those who remembered with what an under-current of sympathy the *Saturday Review* spoke of the orgies of the Haymarket, and with what indecency it assailed Miss Rye, would have answered at once, “Yes ; there is one English journal into whose columns such a writer would be able to find admission, and welcome.” So it has proved. “It were ungenerous,” said our contemporary, “to press heavily on any one who is down ; doubly ungenerous in the case of a woman of very remarkable powers, great intellectual accomplishments, and now labouring under the heavy burden of failure and humiliation.” But, having made this admission, the writer proceeds to cast all his stored-up wrath on the defeated lady. If this is pressing lightly on “one who is down,” we know not what amount of pressure would be considered heavy.

We have no wish, however, to anticipate, on legal grounds, the case thus raised for adjudication. Our contemporary must take care of himself in any difficulty into which his zeal for public morals may lead him ; and the lady has already shown that she has abundant spirit to stand up for what she conceives to be her rights, having now fought in we know not how many fields of legal battle, and come off victor in more than one. But, while heartily condemning the tone of the article, we must protest against the anomalies of Scotch law, by which it is possible, under a ridiculous pretext, to prosecute a London newspaper in a court four hundred miles off. For this is the way in which the proprietors of the *Saturday Review* are compelled to make their appearance in Scotland :—

“The defenders do not reside in Scotland, but sums of money due to them have been arrested, *jurisdictionis fundandæ causa*, in the hands of Messrs. Adam & Charles Black, booksellers and publishers in Edinburgh ; Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, booksellers and publishers there ; Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas, booksellers and publishers there ; and Mr. William P. Nimmo, bookseller and publisher there.”

The injustice resulting from the existence of rival jurisdictions in what is practically one country might be illustrated by many painful stories. Not very long ago, a company which has large monetary transactions in Scotland received notice that its assets were attached in the hands of a debtor whose financial condition was doubtful, and that proceedings had been founded on the attachment at the instance of a pursuer who in reality had no claim. This had the effect of delaying the company in recovering their assets, as they could not proceed until they had given security in Scotland to a large amount. Before the litigation had reached an advanced stage, the debtor was hopelessly insolvent. The case of the *Saturday Review* is, of course, different from this ; but it shows the absurd and vexatious state of the law as between Scotland and England. The whole matter requires looking into, with a view to consolidation and amendment. The facility with which English bankrupts can whitewash themselves by going to Scotland, where their creditors are either ignorant of their presence or unable to follow them, is a disgrace to a civilised country.

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT.

THE case of “*Regina v. Jones & Highat*,” tried at Liverpool on Saturday, has an important bearing on the question whether or not the Foreign Enlistment Act is capable of being enforced. The defendants were ship-store-dealers at Liverpool, and they were prosecuted for having obtained enlistments in the Confederate service for the steamer *Georgia*. The facts were so clear that there can be no doubt about them. The vessel in question, which was built on the Clyde, was christened the *Japan*, and was said to be intended for trading with China ; and it was registered in the name of Thomas Bold, a partner in the firm of Jones & Highat. The seamen were engaged, as for a voyage to the Chinese waters, at the Sailors’ Home, Liverpool ; and when the vessel started on her trial-trip, Mr. Jones was aboard of her. She made for the French coast ; was boarded off Brest by a small steamer, from which she shipped guns and ammunition ; and was then re-christened the *Georgia*. Lieutenant Maury having made his appearance on deck in the Confederate uniform, and hoisted the Confederate flag, the men were offered £4. 10s. a month, and £10 bounty, for enlisting in the service of the new American Government—an offer which many of them readily accepted. All this while, Mr. Jones was present in the cabin where these arrangements were made, giving them at least his implied and tacit sanction. The *Georgia*, as we all know, has had a very successful cruise, and destroyed a good deal of Federal merchandise. One of the sailors, however,

while once more in Liverpool, communicated with Mr. Maguire, a detective in the employ of the American consul, and, by a cunning manoeuvre, contrived to get the Confederate bounty for re-enlisting, and the Federal reward for blabbing. The result is the present action, and the conviction of Messrs. Jones & Highat for a breach of the Act under which they were prosecuted. They have been bound over to appear to receive judgment when called upon ; but a question, on which the conviction wholly depends, is reserved for the consideration of the Court of Queen’s Bench in November—viz., whether, taking the evidence as entirely correct, the offence is proved within the meaning of the Act. The doubt appears to be as to whether the Act could be construed to extend to enlistments actually made on the high seas, as well as to those effected in British ports. This, of course, is a very nice point, and one which we have no wish to decide while it is waiting the solution of a law court. It is clear, however, that, if the decision be in favour of the defendants, a very considerable hole will have been made in the Foreign Enlistment Act.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THE riots which have thrown the capital of the north of Ireland into a state of siege have been characterized by circumstances of great fury. To the O’Connell movement in Dublin must be traced the impulse that stirred up the slumbering passions which have burst forth with such rage ; but the first overt local act to which all this bloodshed is to be attributed is unquestionably the silly and culpable exhibition of the burning and burial of the effigy of O’Connell. Unfortunately, it so happened that Monday was a great Roman Catholic holiday. The navvies of Belfast availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by it to leave off their work, and, in a strong body of six hundred men, paraded the streets, and wrecked the houses of the Orangemen of Sandy-row. This was followed by retaliation prompt and swift on the part of the Protestants ; and now, for three successive days, Belfast has been at the mercy of brutal mobs. Up to Tuesday night, upwards of 60 persons had been wounded, and several killed. It was on Wednesday, however, that the bloodiest work was done. The mobs fought with the fury of savages, and with most dogged courage all day ; and the fray ended in the navvies being driven up to their necks into the river, where the Orangemen fired on them, killing one and wounding ten. The surgeons of the hospitals are busy attending to the wounded ; the peaceful inhabitants are in terror and alarm ; the magistrates seem powerless ; deputations are sent to Dublin for help. Several regiments have been ordered to the scene of the riots, and it is hoped that by the aid of above a thousand police, and of the strong military force which is hastening to the scene, peace will soon be restored. This is not the first time that Belfast has been the scene of such riots. The Government is surely called on to take some measures to prevent their recurrence in the future.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

ACCIDENTS “on the line” have of late become so frequent that our morning paper is very rarely without at least one to give zest to its columns ; but, if it should happen to be entirely free from any such announcement, the balance is sure to be adjusted by two “fatal accidents” in the evening paper ; and the next day things take their ordinary course. Early in the present week, two of these serious misadventures occurred ; and we cannot fail to notice in them features of some importance to other than actual travellers by rail. One happened on the North London Railway, near the Camden Road Station, on Tuesday morning. The train from Kew, which arrives at Camden Road at half-past nine a.m., had changed its engine to proceed to Fenchurch-street as an express train. The fresh engine had no sooner been attached to the train than its boiler burst, causing the engine to leap to a height of twelve feet, and in its ascent to cut the telegraph wires, while, in descending, it came with considerable force against the buttress on the eastern side of the bridge. This immediately gave way, and the engine, weighing something like twenty tons, fell into the street below, performing as it did so a complete somersault, and alighting on its wheels. Providentially, the coupling-chains snapped, or were not at the time attached ; otherwise, the whole train must have been carried over the broken arch. The driver was severely scalded, and the poor fireman, who was thrown about eighteen yards on to the “six-foot space,” was so injured that it was found necessary to convey him to University College Hospital, where he has since died.

On the same day, at Brighton, another alarming accident occurred, but fortunately not attended with any fatal consequences. The Brighton goods station is on a level very much lower than that of the main line ; the goods waggons have, therefore, to be lowered down an incline by an engine. While this was proceeding, an unusually heavy train broke its coupling chain, rushed with accelerating force down the incline, shot through the station, dashed down the outer wall, flew across the street, and came to a standstill against a house, which it did its best to shatter. In these two instances, persons in the immediate vicinity of the railway have narrowly escaped. At Camden-road, a corn-chandler, who rents one of the railway arches, was coming on with his horse and cart, and in another second would have been crushed by the falling masonry and engine. At Brighton, the people who were standing about heard the noise of the train, and managed to

place themselves out of danger. Without speculating as to what might have happened under certain conditions, it is very evident that travellers by rail are not the only persons in danger of a railway accident. Those who consider such travelling so fraught with danger that they never venture their lives in a railway-carriage, may, while quietly eating their dinners or lying in their beds at home, become the victims of the "explosion of a boiler," or the pranks of a runaway engine.

A CRUEL SIGHT FOR SIXPENCE.

ANYONE who has a taste for cruelty, or would like to see a woman in a state of prolonged suffering, may indulge his fancy for sixpence by looking in at the Alhambra, Leicester-square, where for that small sum he may behold Margaret Douglas, the Australian *pedestrienne*, in the act of walking a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours. The times of walking before the public, we are told in the advertisement, are a quarter to nine, a quarter to eleven, a quarter to one, a quarter to three, a quarter to five, a quarter to seven, a quarter to nine, and a quarter to eleven. All miles walked between twelve at night and eight in the morning, and we suppose those also in the intermediate hours between the times at which the public are admitted to the edifying spectacle, are traversed in the presence of umpires appointed by *Bell's Life* and the *Sporting Life*. The feat—which is said to be unprecedented when it is borne in mind that the performer is a woman, and which we certainly hope may for ever remain without a rival—commenced at a quarter to nine on the morning of Tuesday, the 2nd of August, and will not close until the 12th of September. Now, either the public are imposed on, and the woman does *not* walk during the hours when the outside world cannot see her, or here is an act of gross cruelty, encouraged for the sake of giving indolent people a new sensation. It is quite beside the purpose to say that the act is voluntary. Suicide is voluntary; yet we account it a crime. Self-immolation before the car of Juggernaut is voluntary; yet the *Times* has this very week been exhorting us to use our power in India to put a stop to such combined stupidity and wickedness. We do not say that there should be a statute law to prevent such acts as that of Margaret Douglas; but we do say that there should be a social law to discourage them. The celebrated Captain Barclay never recovered from a similar feat, but died prematurely in consequence: conceive, then, what the effect of such exertion must be on the finer and feebler organization of a woman. We say this on the assumption that the exploit is really performed, of which, however, we have no solid guarantee. If it be not performed, the public are hoaxed with a show of cruelty which is not really inflicted.

COAST RAILWAYS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* suggests the vast importance of railways in the operations of war, and more especially for purposes of defence. He thinks that for the protection of our shores there could be nothing better than a railway, with telegraphic communication, around the entire coast line, so that men and guns could be concentrated on any threatened point, and that "in a much shorter space of time than a hostile fleet propelled by steam would require even to take up its position," while disembarkation would be utterly "impossible." The writer greatly regrets that the Government has never gone into the matter, and promoted the construction of coast lines, with a view to their being ultimately united into one unbroken *cordon*, and that so many bills for the construction of railways along our shores should have been rejected by committees of the House of Commons during the late session. The objections to such a mode of defence, based on the assumption that coast lines would be liable to be shelled in case of an invasion, he regards as of no value, as "it is possible to mount guns on iron-plated trucks, fitted with turntables and cupolas on the plan suggested by Captain Coles, so as to form innumerable moveable batteries throughout the circumvallation. It would surely be as safe to move down troops in iron-plated railway carriages as in iron-plated ships." There is a good deal of sense in these proposals, and we should not wonder if the old legend about Merlin surrounding the whole island of Britain with a brazen wall, which he fashioned by the aid of fiends, were to be realized at no very distant day in the creation of a coast line of rails, girdling us round with the combined potency of iron and steam. But the great motive power of modern times might be employed in other ways for our protection against possible foes. Traction engines might be introduced on our coast roads, for the purpose of transporting heavy guns from point to point, as need might require. We should thus be provided with a species of moveable Martello towers, capable of being rapidly transferred from place to place, and at once economising our expenditure and increasing our effective force.

PENAL SERVITUDE.

SIR GEORGE GREY has addressed a circular letter to the Judges, calling their attention to the Act, passed in the last session of Parliament, for amending the Penal Servitude Acts. After giving a summary of the provisions of the new Act, the general effect of which is to render the punishment of penal servitude more stringent than it was before, the Home Secretary proceeds to explain an important modification which, in accordance with the recommendation of the Royal Commissioners, is about to be introduced

into the convict system in reference to the granting of remissions of punishment. He says:—

"Instead of these being granted as a reward of general good conduct as heretofore, they are now to be earned by industry alone; general good conduct (such as implicit obedience to all prison rules) will be as indispensable as before, but will of itself count as nothing towards the obtaining a remission of a portion of the sentence; that can only be gained by steady and laborious industry, the degree of which will be measured and recorded every day by the assignment to each convict of a certain number of marks.

"A *maximum* amount of remission is fixed (as hereafter stated) as the utmost which can be attained by perfect industry, and the number of marks is so regulated that a convict must obtain the *maximum* number of marks every day (without any deduction for misconduct), in order to get the *maximum* remission. The sentence, therefore, is absolutely certain up to a certain point, but may possibly extend beyond that point, and will inevitably do so unless the convict persistently and strenuously exerts himself."

A scale of maximum periods of remission for convicts is given, from which it appears that, with males, the principle adopted is a maximum reduction of a fourth part of that portion of the sentence which remains after deducting nine months for separate confinement. In the case of convicts sentenced to penal servitude for life, there will be no remission of sentence. The remission of sentences in the case of women will be in a larger proportion than that of males. With females, the maximum of remission will be a third part of each sentence. A moderate reduction in the quantity of food will be made in the case of all convicts; and the maximum of gratuities on discharge which can be earned by the greatest possible industry is largely reduced, and will be the same in amount whatever the length of the sentence. The convicts, says Sir George, "will henceforth have no more than is considered necessary to enable them to live honestly until they can be reasonably expected to procure employment."

PROSPECTS OF RAIN.

JUST as the long continuance of the drought began to make people think that rain had taken leave of us altogether, Mr. Alfred J. Pearce writes a letter to the *Times*, which appeared in that journal on Thursday, to say that, according to his forecastings, we are to have a succession of wet days now immediately, continuing until the 27th. Then we are to have "some rain" on the 2nd, 4th, and 7th of September; "heavy rain and gales" on the 9th and 10th; rain again from the 20th to the 26th; "gales and heavy rain" from the 22nd to the 24th; "gales and rain" on the 14th of October and the 10th of November; and "very high temperature, and hail or thunderstorms," from the 29th or 30th of November to the 2nd of December. We do not know what the credentials of Mr. Pearce may be; but, assuming him to be really "weather-wise," we must say that the September prospects of such of our holiday-seekers as have been obliged to postpone their trips to that month are somewhat disheartening. To be perpetually wet through during an excursion of pleasure is bad enough; to know that you have waited for the bad weather is worse; to be told of it beforehand, so that you may see your misery in perspective, is worst of all. Mr. Pearce, you are a cold-blooded man of science;—you might at least have held your tongue.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF CHLOROFORM.

No discovery in medicine has for years been so important as the use of chloroform in painful operations; yet there has been no common agreement on the part of the profession as to the mode in which it should be administered. On this, much must depend as to its safe administration; and, seeing that in very many cases it has caused death, it becomes a question of the first importance whether this is owing to the state of the patient, or only to a faulty method of administration. Many years ago, it was asserted by a writer whose name we cannot recall, that deaths from chloroform were attributable to the latter cause. We are now told by a surgeon of great experience that even disease of the heart is no obstacle to the use of chloroform, and that the cause of death is to be referred to the mode of giving it, rather than to peculiarities of individual constitution. It comes, apparently, to this, that the patient, in many cases, is overdosed, and dies from the surgeon's ignorance of his business. But does it not seem strange that one man shall administer chloroform in some five or six thousand cases without an accident, and yet that no uniform system of administration—with such means of choosing a safe one—is adopted?

THE PATENT LAWS.

A SPEECH recently delivered by Lord Stanley has revived the subject of the Patent Laws, so far, at least, that the *Times* has written two leaders upon it, and Mr. Pontifex, of Shoe-lane, one letter. The question is to be argued with reference to the interests of the public and the claims of the inventor. If a man invent a new piece of machinery, or anything else of value to the world at large, it is right that he should derive some advantage from it. On the other hand, it is a detriment to the whole country that the process of invention should be clogged as it is at present. Those who support the law as it now stands instance what they call the parallel cases of painters of pictures and writers of books; but there is not even a similarity between the cases. One man's

invention is rather the growth of the inventions of others—a result of the general progress of scientific inquiry—than a creation of his own. But the fundamental error in treating this subject appears to us to consist in putting it upon too narrow a basis. It does not follow that, if the Patent Laws were modified, inventors would go unrewarded. When a man can show that he has produced something really useful, let the Government reward him, and repay itself by a trifling tax upon those who make use of the discovery. The Patent Laws, as we have them, stop the way, and by some compromise or other we must amend them.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—It is announced that, by command of the Queen, the Council have directed that these gardens shall be opened freely to the public on the 26th August, 1864, the anniversary of the birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the founder of the gardens. There will be entrances to the gardens at the east in Exhibition-road; west, in Prince Albert's road; and south, in the Exhibition-road. The entrances will be opened at ten and closed at six o'clock. No tickets will be issued. The police will instruct visitors as to the several exits from the grounds. The conservatory, orchard houses, the arcades, and the maze will all be opened. The cascades and Minton's fountain will play. The Old Hundredth Psalm, a hymn composed by the Prince Consort, and "God Save the Queen," will be sung by the visitors. The singing will take place on the north, or Upper Terrace, in front of the Conservatory. "God Save the Queen" will be sung at six o'clock. Bands will be stationed in several parts of the gardens, and will perform at intervals during the day. Visitors must, of course, provide their own means of conveyance. Omnibuses pass the gardens. Steamers land passengers at Cadogan Pier, Chelsea, and there is a railway station in the Fulham-road, both places being about a mile from the gardens. Clubs, schools, &c., may be accompanied by their banners and bands. Refreshments will be sold at moderate rates, or the visitors may bring their own. The south arcade at the lower end of the garden, as in the Exhibition of 1862, and either of the annexes, may be used for the refreshments; but visitors are requested not to use the flower garden as a place for refreshments. A guide to the gardens is published, price 6d.

STARVATION IN BETHNAL-GREEN.—There has been another case of death from destitution in Bethnal-green—a district which has acquired a grim notoriety for the continual occurrence of such tragedies. In the present instance, the sufferer was a poor boy, aged eight, the son of a labourer, and one of a family of eight. Both the parents and some of the children were stricken with fever; but the lad in question died from convulsions brought on by sheer deprivation of the necessities of life, as he had not taken the disease. The illness of the father and mother, however, was, of course, the proximate cause of the boy's death, by stopping the earnings of the family. The house is said to have been in a pestilential state. No charge is made against the parish authorities, except that some three years ago, when the father was in distress and applied to the workhouse, he was told (after a temporary supply of money and bread) that all must enter the house, or relief would be stopped; on which, said the man when before the coroner, "I went away, and would not go there again." The jury found a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and a small subscription was made up in court for the relief of the family.

TWO LIONS escaped on Saturday evening, at Southampton, from Wombwell's menagerie. One stayed in the place, to the great dismay of the visitors; the other rushed out into the streets of the town, and eventually made its way into a house, where it entered a room in which were some ladies. The beast which remained behind was soon induced to return to its den; the more adventurous animal lay quietly until the arrival of the keepers, who contrived, by management and coercion, to get it into a cage, and convey it back to the menagerie.

CONSTANTINOPLE has again been visited by a great fire. The flames originated in a shop near some timber-yards on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn, and spread to a store kept by a Greek dealer, who had illegally on the premises a large stock of gunpowder. A fearful explosion was the result: two persons passing by at the time were killed, and thirteen others were more or less seriously injured; and by the time the fire was extinguished, six houses and a small mosque were destroyed. The police are looking after the Greek, who has absconded.—A great fire has also occurred at Limoges, in France.

THE *Echo Artesien* relates the fatal termination of a foolish bet made three days since by two young men of Arles. While angling together, one of them offered to wager ten francs that he would swallow a raw fish. The bet was accepted, and the young man then put a small fish into his mouth, but it stuck in his throat, and all efforts to extract it proved vain. A surgeon was sent for, but the prickles of the dorsal fin had penetrated so far into the flesh that he also failed to move it. The consequence was that the patient expired after great suffering.

DUELLING IN ITALY.—Signor Pisanelli, the Italian Minister of Justice, has addressed a circular to the judicial authorities of the kingdom, ordering them, in cases of duelling, to carry on legal proceedings with the same promptitude and independence that they evince in other offences. "Duelling," says the circular, "independently of its frequently plunging families into affliction, is of itself an act most repugnant to the present state of civilisation, while it at the same time constitutes the most flagrant usurpation of public authority." Signor Pisanelli adds that a constitutional Government is the one that ought the least to tolerate duelling, because such a Government is the *régime* of the law applied to every circumstance.

A VEXATIOUS MISNOMER.—We read in the daily papers that a fire-proof safe has been dug out of the ruins of Colonel M'Murdo's residence, and that, upon being opened, it was found not to have secured a single valuable, either of plate or jewellery. A presentation sword, from

Lord Ellenborough, with a real Damascus blade, was melted in two. This sword was made at the time of the Crusades, and was highly prized by the gallant colonel. Another sword, presented by General Sir Charles Napier, has also been found injured in a similar manner, and the whole of the gold appointments and diamonds have been lost. So much value did the gallant colonel attach to the various presentations, that he had holes drilled in the bottom of the safes, so as to screw them down to the floor, and the flames entering the apertures destroyed the contents. Had it not been for the drilling of the safes, their contents might have been saved.

WE understand that Dr. Lawson has been appointed to fill the chair of Co-lecturer on Physiology and Histological Anatomy in St. Mary's Hospital; and that, in consequence of this, he will resign the Professorship of Physiology which he holds in Queen's College, Birmingham.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO DENMARK.—The *Fædreland* of last Saturday says:—"It is generally reported that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit our Royal family in September." The semi-official *Berlingske Tidende* states that Prince Alfred will visit Iceland, and return to England at the commencement of next month.

THE JEWS IN MOROCCO.—Sir Moses Montefiore communicates to the *Times* two letters from Abraham Corcos, a Jewish merchant at Mogador, giving an account of the cruel treatment, by the Deputy-Governor of the province of Haha, of a Jew who complained of having been robbed. His story not being credited, he was so severely flogged that he died. On the fact coming to the ears of the Governor, who was absent at the time, he expressed the deepest regret, reproved his Deputy, and ordered reparation to be made to the family of the deceased. Sir Moses is of opinion, notwithstanding this tragedy, that there is really a disposition on the part of the Moorish Government to deal fairly by the Jews.

A LITTLE BOY in humble life has been poisoned by eating bread and butter, on which had been spread a quantity of phosphorus for poisoning rats. The food had been placed, with astounding carelessness, on a shelf where the child had been accustomed to find what he wanted to eat, and he very naturally mistook the bread and butter for his own. Shortly after taking it, blue flames issued from his mouth, and he died after much agony. The jury greatly blamed the parents for their culpable stupidity.

THE LATE ACCIDENT AT WIMBLEDON.—The inquest on the soldier who was recently shot at Wimbledon, when acting as marker, was concluded on Monday. There seems to have been carelessness, both on the part of the deceased and of Sergeant Roberts, who fired the fatal shot. The jury returned a verdict of "Death by misadventure," and Roberts was discharged amidst general cheering, though not without some words of admonition from the coroner.

A GREAT FIRE at Hull has resulted in the destruction of the premises of several commission agents, railway carriers, &c., and in the burning of 300 bales of cotton, besides large quantities of wool, hemp, and flax. The loss, which is partly covered by insurance, amounts to more than £50,000.

MISS LONGWORTH has written a letter on the marriage law of Scotland to the *Cork Daily Reporter*, in which, with a good deal of legal acumen, she contends that that law is binding all over the world, but that, on the other hand, the "putting to silence" cannot be enforced either in England or Ireland. The decision of the House of Lords merely affects Scotland; and at any rate it does not set aside the Irish marriage, which an Irish jury has declared to be valid. The only debatable ground, therefore, according to the lady, is Scotland, and even there the decision is in abeyance until after the examination on oath. She is satisfied that Major Yelverton could not enter Ireland without being liable to be forced to maintain her as his wife. The communication concludes with the words—"I beg to sign myself (I could wish a name more honourable), THERESA YELVERTON."

PRINCE NAPOLEON IN GLASGOW.—On Monday evening, Prince Napoleon and suite arrived in Glasgow, and put up at the George Hotel, George-square. In the early part of yesterday (Tuesday) the Prince drove to Hamilton, and afterwards, returning to the city, he visited the Exchange, and one or two of the principal places of business. His Royal Highness left Glasgow by an afternoon train, and it is understood that he proceeds on a visit to Stirling, but his future movements are unknown. The Prince travels with the utmost privacy, and appears anxious to avoid public recognition.—*Scotsman*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MS. "SPECTATORS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The scepticism to which you give expression in your issue of to-day regarding the MS. from which my little book is printed, should not, I dare say, have surprised me, save that my own conviction of its genuineness has been fortified by the unanimous opinion of every one who has seen it. The justice of your questions, in the main, I have no hesitation in allowing. Let me answer them so far as I can.

The "London dealer who sold the treasure" was Mr. C. J. Skeet, to whom, since then, has succeeded Mr. Richard Simpson, of King William-street, Charing-cross. Whether "he knew the nature of what he was parting with" is rather a question for him than for me; and as to his "not giving the world the benefit of so curious an illustration of our classic English literature," I can say for him that he did what tradesmen usually do—advertised it in his catalogue. I have written to Mr. Simpson, who in 1858 was Mr. Skeet's manager, that he may "come forward and tell us what he knows." Your last question—"Why, moreover, has the present possessor been six years in making up his mind to print the contents of the old volume?" tempts me to hint that even Les Belles "Lettres de Grace" should be received by

"the critical public" "avec grace." I did not take long to make up my mind; but the business of my life is not literature, and my time for it is very limited. Besides, the subject would keep.

That is all I can tell in the meantime. Very unfortunately, I neglected to make the inquiries at the time of purchase, and when I set about preparing to print, all I made were unavailing. Mr. Simpson "believed" the MS. was bought at some auction sale, and neither Messrs. Puttick & Simpson nor Messrs. Sotheby & Co. could trace it in their books. Mr. Simpson is sure the missing leaves were not torn out while the book was in his hands.

The internal evidence for its genuineness is very strong, the external evidence equally so; but I cannot, perhaps, expect the public to take my bare word for the latter. I shall therefore endeavour to induce some gentlemen, whose verdict will be decisive, to examine and report upon the book.

Its history, I fear, in the circumstances, may remain a mystery. Last December I wrote to Edward Tickell, Esq., Q.C., of Dublin, on this and other points, but my letter came back marked "dead." Perhaps his heirs, who would succeed to the numerous Addison MSS., which he possessed by descent from the essayist's friend, may hear of this, and help to throw some light on the matter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Glasgow, Aug. 13, 1864.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

P.S.—In order that the public outside of my own circle may have an opportunity of consulting the little book, I have entrusted a few copies to Messrs. Murray, the booksellers here.

OUR ROADS AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I am glad to find that your article under the above heading has attracted public attention in such a manner as will, it is to be hoped, lead to such improvements as those noticed in your last number by "A Civil Engineer," by which means the glaring evils of mud, dust, and danger to horses, inseparable from macadamised roads, would to all appearances be effectually provided against, as where small stones are permanently embedded in a bituminous cement, and the traffic thus confined to the surface. Safety to horses from triangular sharp stones getting into their hoofs must be combined with economy, as the wear and tear must be considerably diminished, and the consequent cost to the ratepayers, by which road-contractors alone must benefit.

It is surprising, under such circumstances, that during the present rage for joint-stock companies an association for such a legitimate object has not been formed, not only for the metropolis but for provincial towns, where those evils are equally felt and a remedy needed, which we must hope by your able aid will be obtained *pro bono publico*.

I am, Sir, of your paper,

Brighton, Aug. 17.

A CONSTANT READER.

THE CHURCH.

DR. MANNING ON THE SANTIAGO CATASTROPHE.

On Monday last a ceremony of some splendour and solemnity, which attracted a rather numerous congregation, was performed in the new Roman Catholic chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, just erected in Upper Ogle-street, Fitzroy-square. That day being the Feast of the Assumption, it had been selected as the most appropriate for dedicating a new altar and shrine, with an elegant statue of the Madonna and child, to the Blessed Virgin. This offering of pious devotion was presented by the faithful, as was stated, as a "reparation for the many blasphemies offered to Jesus and Mary in consequence of the catastrophe at Santiago." There was High Mass at eleven o'clock, with a sermon by Dr. Manning; Vespers and Benediction at half-past three; and a solemn procession, with a sermon by the Rev. T. Barge and a Benediction, in the evening. The main point of attraction, however, was the sermon by Dr. Manning, through the graceful delivery and gentle but eloquent words of which it was evidently intended that his hearers should be edified as to the vulgar profanity and shocking blasphemy of English Protestantism in connection with this Santiago disaster.

The scriptural allusion to Mary in the desert, which seemed to answer the purpose of a text, we lost, owing to the noise of the grinding of stone saws and the clinking of the hammers of workmen outside the church, by which this part of the sermon was interrupted. Starting from this text, and alluding to the business of the day, the Reverend Monsignor said that the terrific disaster of Santiago was but one of those numerous occurrences which are permitted by the Divine will for purposes inscrutable to man. The heart was harrowed by the recollection of the sufferings which came like a flood on a whole congregation in the very sanctuary of God. But the world, especially in this country, took occasion to pour out a tide of blasphemy against the Church, more vehement than the sorrow which had fallen on Santiago, and to utter sentiments of which Christians should be ashamed. Nothing can offend a man more than an insult offered to his mother; it was not likely that our Blessed Lord had borne calmly the affronts to which his mother, Mary, had been subjected. It was vain to argue with blasphemers; the duty of the faithful was to pray for them, and to meet their insults by acts of love, of gratitude, of honour, and of reparation. Dr. Manning then urged on his hearers the duty of silence and reparation, and also of prayer for the blasphemers, as persons who knew not what they did, that their eyes might be opened, and that they might perceive that, in blaspheming Mary,

they were crucifying afresh her Son. Thus ended the reverend gentleman's direct observations on the Santiago disaster, though afterwards, at the end of his sermon, he returned to it in nearly similar words of exhortation to charity, prayer, and reparation.

The remainder of his discourse was an argumentative explanation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and of its connection with that of the Assumption. To the latter of these the minds of his hearers were naturally directed by the festival they were celebrating; to the former by the fact that it was on the festival of the Immaculate Conception that the fatal catastrophe of Santiago had occurred. It is scarcely within our province here to intermeddle in a purely doctrinal question. As, however, Dr. Manning's statement of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was exceedingly clear and lucid, and the argument by which he supported it a most ingenious and attractive one, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have at least an outline of this part of the discourse. There was a fitness, he maintained, according to the teaching of the Church, in the fact of the soul and body of Mary being born free from the taint of original sin. From Mary was derived the human nature to which the Son of God was united in the flesh; Mary must, therefore, have been immaculate from the first moment that her soul was united to her body. At that moment of union the taint of original sin was removed from her by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and she was thus conceived and born immaculate. The Son of God was immaculate by His own Divine nature; the Mother of God was immaculate by an act of special grace through the Holy Spirit. "I shall put it in another point of view," said Dr. Manning, impressively. "Are we to suppose that there was no difference between the Mother of Jesus and any other woman; of the mother of the murderer Cain, for instance; no difference between her and the mother of a murderer?" In his opinion this could not be. Such as our Saviour was, such by grace must have been Mary.

On the doctrine of the Assumption of the body of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, and its connection with that of the Immaculate Conception, the reverend gentleman first narrated the ordinary legend, as to how she slept in the presence of the Apostles, how they buried her, and how, when after three days they went to see her body, it had disappeared, and could nowhere be found. Then, in glowing terms, he described the magnificent spectacle in heaven, when Jesus went forth with thousands of his angels to receive the body of His glorified mother; and how she was by Him conducted to the throne on His right hand, where she ever reigns with Him. Then, as to the necessity of this Assumption, he showed that it was the natural result of her Immaculate Conception. By the latter, her body, being freed from the taint of original sin, was no longer liable, like the bodies of other human beings, to corruption or death. The impossibility of her death then rendered it necessary that she should be translated to heaven. Elijah had been translated; but Elijah was born in original sin. Could it be supposed that the Blessed Virgin, who was free from that taint, should occupy a less honourable position than Elijah?

Such was the substance of this celebrated sermon, delivered with so much skill, argumentative power, persuasive eloquence, and gentle earnestness, by Dr. Manning. On its doctrinal statements we make no observation; our business here is simply to record, not theologically to criticise, cavil at, or attack, any man's creed. Not so exempted from criticism, however, is that part of Dr. Manning's sermon which treats of the blasphemy, profanity, and scurrility of which the English nation has been, in his opinion, guilty. What does Dr. Manning and his co-religionists mean by "reparation" for blasphemies offered to the Virgin? How can the faithful make reparation for the acts of the unfaithful? When a person has been offended by an overt act of another, it is the offending party, according to all human notions of justice, that is called on to make reparation, and not a third party, perfectly innocent of the offence. It is the extreme of stupidity as well as childishness to talk of Jesus Christ and the Virgin being offended at the free expression of opinion of Protestants as to the gross mismanagement of Ugarte and his brother ecclesiastics which led to the dreadful holocaust at Santiago; and yet to imagine that they are appeased by an altar presented by Catholics, while the offenders remain in the same blaspheming state of mind. Is it possible to conceive anything more monstrous or irrational? The dedication of the altar may be "reparation;" but it is reparation in no human or divine sense that was ever dreamed of before. In the name of common sense, let Dr. Manning cease to call this act of devotion reparation any more.

Equally monstrous is the attempt to brand the free expression of opinion on a catastrophe, in which 2,000 human beings lost their lives, with the names of profanity and blasphemy. In religious controversies no Protestant ever intends to speak disrespectfully of the Virgin. He believes Roman Catholic doctrines to be errors; but no offence could be offered to the Almighty by open statements of his convictions. As reasonable would it be for Protestants to declare the anathemas, the diatribes, the scurrility, abuse, and invective, which are at times hurled against their Church by Catholics to be blasphemies, and then, without delay, to proceed to make reparation to God for them. Dr. Manning may teach in private his peculiar doctrines as he pleases; but Dr. Manning would best promote the interests of true religion by cultivating peace and good-will among men, and avoiding every cause of offence which could widen the breach which already too unhappily separates Christians from one another.

MR. SPURGEON REBUKED.

MR. SPURGEON has at last received a rebuke the sting of which he will sorely feel and long remember. A clergyman of his own denomination of no mean reputation, the Rev. Baptist Noel, has written him a letter of earnest remonstrance for his late arrogance, and want of charity and consistency. However Mr. Spurgeon may profess to appeal to "the tribunal of God" when questioned as to his conduct by members of other communions, he must listen with respect to the chidings of a brother Baptist who instructs him as to his duties as a Baptist clergyman. And profound attention to Mr. Noel's words is the more imperative in this case on the part of Mr. Spurgeon, because the chastisement is administered with the most intense brotherly affection and earnest zeal in the cause of the Common Master. Mr. Noel reminds Mr. Spurgeon that, as a member of the Evangelical Alliance, he agreed to the resolution that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, he would "avoid all rash and groundless insinuations, personal imputations, or irritating allusions, by speaking the truth only in love." "To me," says Mr. Noel, "your 'personal imputations' appear to be a violation of this rule." Changing his ground, this true Christian instructor asks him to consider whether such conduct is consistent with the word and will of Christ. He says that the Evangelical clergy, whom Mr. Spurgeon has maligned, are men whose lives are regulated by the law of God—men in their ordinary duties honourable and conscientious; and then he indignantly demands, "To men of this character ought you to impute dishonesty, immorality, and falsehood, without very clear proof?" Mr. Spurgeon, he says, has "ascribed immorality to brethren whose lives disprove the charge."

Mr. Spurgeon had denounced the Evangelical clergy as unworthy "the friendship of honest men." He is told by this godly teacher that his words "blast the memory of some of the most excellent men who ever lived"—of Thomas Scott, of Henry Martyn, of John Newton, Fletcher of Madeley, and Venn. Returning to the accused clergy, Mr. Noel flatly tells Mr. Spurgeon that he "values and desires the friendship of these Christian men"—friendship which Mr. Spurgeon thinks that "no honest man will accept;" and he declares that he does not believe that they "shuffle or equivocate," and then, confronting Mr. Spurgeon on his own ground, as when Greek meets Greek, he openly tells him, that "if for this you account me 'dishonest,' I must appeal from your judgment to that of God."

We trust that this letter will be widely circulated, and that it will tend to allay the ill-will and excitement which the vanity and indiscretion of an eccentric preacher has provoked. To Mr. Noel the thanks of every friend of true religion are due for his manly defence of the right, even at the expense of wounding the feelings of an erring brother. Mr. Spurgeon has to learn, and we trust he will learn, that the royal road to fill his Tabernacle with worshippers, is not in satire or sarcasm, not in violent aspersions of personal character, not in language worthy only of Billingsgate, but in an exemplary and consistent life, and in preaching sermons which promote, not controversial strife, but that charity which "thinketh no evil" while it "rejoiceth in the truth."

THE "RECORD" ON CHURCH PATRONAGE.

THE *Record* is not yet satisfied with our views of Church Patronage; they still tend to interfere with the rights of private property. A portion of our late article on "Lay Church Patronage" has been reproduced in its columns, embellished with the following editorial note:—

"We are glad to observe that in one important particular we are at one with the *London Review*. But lay patronage could not be reduced to a simple trust without a revolution in the law of property, and a revolution of very questionable benefit to the spiritual interests of the people. The right of a founder to nominate to a benefice has at all times been admitted, and our modern bishops have been in the habit of encouraging rich men to build or endow churches, either in whole or in part, by giving them the patronage either for the first turn or for ever. The principle which allows the patronage of an advowson or the patronage of a next presentation to be sold, has not practically worked amiss, although we admit that involves an anomaly which requires to be watched, namely, a beneficial interest in a trust."

It is not easy to know how far it is true that the reduction of lay patronage to a simple trust would involve a revolution in the law of property; but this we do know, that an advowson is a trust. This trust may be abused, its rights may be invaded by private property in the same way that church and abbey lands, and tithes were appropriated of old; but still, in theory and in law, lay patronage is a trust of the most sacred kind. Two facts are sufficient to establish our assertion—one is the law of simony, another the power which a bishop has of refusing institution to a disqualified presentee to a living. The rights involved in these facts prove beyond possibility of doubt that patronage is a trust to be exercised subject to conditions. The very name implies a duty as well as a right. We cannot agree with the *Record* that the sale of advowsons and presentations "has not practically worked amiss." This is the old argument repeated, by which any kind of abuse may be justified. It has worked amiss, as there are parishes enough to prove. It is yearly thinning the ranks of candidates for the ministry, and driving talent from the Church. The brigade of 600 incumbents, to which we referred, who are their own patrons, cannot, as a body, work for good, as well as if merit had been the

ground of their promotion. It can never be proved that it is right in principle for a man to buy himself into a living. The very editorial remark of the *Record*, that the sale of advowsons "involves an anomaly which requires to be watched, namely, a beneficial interest in a trust," proves that there is rottenness somewhere in the present state of Church patronage, and also, in our opinion, it implies that, after all, an advowson is a trust in the fullest sense of the word.

COLONIAL METROPOLITAN BISHOPS.

SOME light has been thrown by the synods lately held in Canada on the question of the rights of metropolitan bishops to which the case of Dr. Colenso has attached so much importance. It may be remembered that a part of the Bishop of Natal's petition to her Majesty is, that the letters patent granted to the Bishop of Capetown may be declared invalid in so far as they purport to create "a court of criminal justice" within the colony. It is with reference to this same judicial power that the question is now being considered in Canada. The Synod of Montreal, at its late sittings, was occupied for several days with a discussion of the Canadian metropolitan's position in the province. In the synod of the diocese of Huron a memorial was adopted, praying her Majesty to withdraw the metropolitan patent. And in Ontario the bishop of that diocese stated at his synod, referring to the case of Long v. the Bishop of Capetown, that the question of the legality of the letters patent of the metropolitan of Canada had been submitted to the law officers of the Crown, who had given their opinion that "it was competent to the Crown to constitute his lordship a metropolitan, and thereby to give him pre-eminence and precedence over his suffragans; but that as to the coercive jurisdiction which the metropolitan may exercise, and the manner in which it is to be exercised, these are matters which must be settled by the bishops, clergy, and laity, in a general assembly of the province, according to the provision of the local legislature."

It will be seen from this opinion, if it be correct, that the legality of criminal proceedings instituted by a metropolitan will depend on the previous co-operation of the local colonial legislature. The letters patent cannot interfere with the rights of that legislature, nor create any criminal powers irrespective of it. In the colonies, the Episcopal churches, though, in one sense, truly branches of the Church of England, are, in all other respects, on a level with the several dissenting denominations; and their bishops can "compel" only those who have formally and openly consented to be bound by their rules. But to enforce these rules against the person or property of any of their members, the assistance of the Supreme Council of the colony is necessary. The letters patent, which constituted Bishop Gray Metropolitan of South Africa, were granted in 1853, some time after a constitution and representative institutions had been conceded by the Crown to the colony. And though these letters empowered Dr. Gray to create a court like that referred to in the opinion of the Crown officers of Canada, no such court has ever been appointed. It will be seen clearly from these considerations how great uncertainty hangs over Bishop Gray's proceedings against Dr. Colenso, notwithstanding the confidence with which he speaks in his charge which has been just published.

A MOORISH CLAIM ON SPAIN REVIVED.—An amusing dispute, which has lately taken place between the fathers of the Dominican Convent at Pera, in Constantinople, and the Turkish municipal authorities, has led to the revival of a rather antiquated Mahomedan claim on Spain. These Turkish authorities, it seems, had lately received from the Sultan a grant for public purposes of an old wall in Pera, with power to take it down and sell the materials. It so happened, however, that on this wall the Dominican Church of St. Pietro de Pera was built; and, as the municipality has made a claim on the fathers for so much of the materials of their church as is included in the grant, as well as for the site itself, a contest has arisen, in which the Dominicans have stoutly appealed to the Sultan for protection. The foundation of their claim they place in the fact that the present site of their church was granted by a former Sultan as a compensation for the noble old church of their order, built by the Spaniards, which was taken from them, and converted into a mosque; and they rather unwisely added the demand that, if their present church were taken from them, the old church, or present mosque, should be restored. This demand seems to have touched a sore point in Turkish prejudice; for the Sultan immediately sent the characteristic and not unnatural reply, that "he was prepared to restore this church of the Spaniards as soon as the Spaniards restored all the mosques which they seized from the Mahomedans in Spain." The mosques will certainly not be restored on either side; but France can scarcely allow the Dominicans, who are under her protection, to be so coolly deprived of their rights.

THE DRAFTED CLERGY IN AMERICA.—The injury which the Church in America is suffering, from her clergy being liable by law to be drafted for the war, has led to some decided action on the part of the American episcopal authorities. In a convocation of the diocese of New Jersey, a strong protest was entered against compelling clergymen to serve in the ranks, to the great detriment of their parishes by their absence, and contrary to the character of their spiritual avocations; and a resolution was also adopted to petition Government for a change in that respect of the law. The Bishop of Western New York has, however, in another way endeavoured to meet the evil. He has addressed a Pastoral to his clergy and their several congregations, calling on them to contribute to collections to be made in their churches on the 27th of September next, for the purpose of paying the

Government exemption fee of 300 dollars each for six clergymen and one candidate for holy orders of his diocese, who have been drafted and accepted for service. In this way he hopes that the difficulty may for the present be surmounted.

THE ARABIC BIBLE.—In the report just published of the proceedings of the Foreign Translation Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, a very interesting account is given of an invention of the Rev. Jules Ferrette, Protestant Missionary at Damascus, by means of which the Society's Arabic version of the Bible can now be printed with a facility and reduction of cost which promise to make it far more useful for missionary purposes than it hitherto has been. The Bible formerly printed, though being the best extant translation known, was, from its not having the vowel points, useless to the great majority of readers. The only means by which this difficulty could be removed before Mr. Ferrette's invention, was the introduction of the vowel points in separate lines of type; and, as it took two lines of such type for each line of text, it will be seen that the expense must have been enormously increased. Mr. Ferrette's invention avoids the difficulty by having only one line of types containing both consonants and vowel points; and so successful has his method of printing been found, that he has returned to Damascus with a press and new founts of type, and he is now engaged preparing an edition of the Society's Arabic version of the Pentateuch. He undertakes that "no proof shall be passed as correct without having the sanction of the most competent philologists that Arabia possesses."

ST. PETER'S CHAINS.—On the 1st of August, the Feast of St. Peter's Chains, the proprietors of the Roman newspaper, *L'Unita Cattolica*, paid homage to the Pope, by depositing at his feet a chest of precious objects and 80,000 lire. In this chest there were bracelets, brooches, little chains, watches, gold, silver, precious stones, and a large number of rings artistically connected together with thread of gold, so as to represent the two chains of St. Peter. These chains are made of the rings of the Catholic ladies of Italy, and form, says *The Universe*, with 290,000 lire, and three large chests of earrings, brooches, watches, &c., presented by *L'Unita Cattolica* within the last nine months, a solemn, noble, constant, and most eloquent Italian *plebiscite* in favour of the Holy Father.

AN EASILY-ACCOMMODATED BISHOP.—The praises of Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon, are on every tongue at present, on account of his late railway ride to Wakefield. His Lordship had engaged to consecrate a burial-ground at Thorney, near this town, but on arriving at the Leeds station, about eleven o'clock, his Lordship found there was no train for Wakefield for some considerable time. He, however, by some means heard that there was a goods train about to start for that place, and offered to go by it; but here another hitch occurred, for it was found that there was no carriage that could be attached to the train. Not to be stopped by so small a matter, his lordship volunteered to go on to the engine with the driver and stoker, if allowed to do so. This was at once granted, and Dr. Bickersteth rode to his destination on the engine, and so agreeable did he make himself to his companions that the driver said that if he was a specimen of the bishops he shouldn't mind having one on the engine with him every day.

THE POPE ALSO AMONG THE DOCTORS.—The *Official Diario* of Rome bids the faithful to repose no trust in medicine, not even in homoeopathy, but to seek solace for their ills in heaven instead of applying to the doctors. It recommends those who are afflicted with gout to pray to St. Tiphimus, a lawyer now in heaven; against epidemics, to the Virgin Martha; against plagues, to St. Roche. St. Eneide, a deceased lawyer, can warn away earthquakes, and St. Maur and St. Erasmus can cure rheumatism; the Virgin Irene can avert flashes of lightning; St. Sebastian can cure the plague; and Eurosia can send a good harvest. The Pope's official paper exhorts all who may be afflicted, or who dread any misfortunes or disasters, to pray fervently in the above quarters, and promises them cure and comfort.

THE ADVOWSON OF HOLYWELL.—The advowson and perpetual right of presentation to this living, pleasantly situated near Cromwell's native town of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, has been at last sold. It was offered to public auction at the Guildhall Coffee-house, Gresham-street, and sold for the round sum of £5,660. The reason of its sale is stated to be, that it had formed part of the settled estates of the Duke of Manchester since 1822; but as other parts of such settled estates are of more than sufficient value to satisfy the jointure of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester and other charges thereon, the advowson is sold under the personal covenant of the present Duke of Manchester. A very good reason, no doubt.

FINE ARTS.

A "TERRA-COTTA" BY ORCAGNA.

ANDREA ORCAGNA, as he is commonly known, but whose real name was Andrea Cione, was one of the great lights of the early renaissance in Italy. Like his predecessor, Giotto, he felt the influence of the imaginative power of Dante, who, as poet, gave an impetus to the kindred art of painting and sculpture in the fourteenth century. He was, indeed, a poet himself, and had a reputation for his sonnets in the art circles of Florence. That he must have been a genius of no ordinary mould is shown by the nickname conferred upon him by his friends and brother artists. This is the name by which we speak of him to this day, for Orcagna is the corruption or abbreviation of "Arcagnuolo"—the archangel. The means at his command in those primitive days of painting were small and cramped; but Andrea aspired to the sublime, and attained to a wonderful expression of his conceptions in the large frescoes which still adorn the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa—

"The Triumph of Death" (suggested by Petrarch's "Trionfo di Morte," "The Hell," and "The Last Judgment," from the latter of which those great executants, but perhaps not greater geniuses, Michel Angelo and Raffaele, both chose some of their finest figures when painting the same subjects. Perhaps a higher tribute could not have been paid to his genius. We are able, fortunately, to refer to some remarkable examples of Orcagna in our National Gallery, as the Coronation of the Virgin, surrounded with angels and saints in adoration, a large altar-piece painted in *tempera*, and in a most perfect state of preservation, which was painted for the church of San Pietro Maggiore, in Florence. It was purchased for the Gallery in 1857. There are also several minor examples, which came from the same collection and belonged to the same altar-piece. These are extremely well worthy of study to gain an insight into the feeling of the great painter of the time. In some of the angels' heads will, we think, be remarked a similarity of sentiment to that which is observable in the angels in the work in terra-cotta we are about to describe, and which is to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's in Pall Mall, where it has been placed by Mr. T. A. Trollope, of Florence, to whom it belongs. We should remind the reader first, however, that Orcagna was, if possible, greater as a sculptor and architect than as a painter. In painting, he was necessarily limited by the want of means, while the clay of the sculptor, dull as it is, afforded, as it ever must do, a medium equal to all the artist-mind wished to express in form. Colour was a luxury of art reserved for after-times of splendour and unbounded imaginative power. His great work in architecture was the fine "Loggia di Lanzi," and, in sculpture, the tabernacle of the Church of Or San Michele, at Florence, most of the finest pieces from which may be seen admirably reproduced under the tasteful eye of Mr. Digby Wyatt, at the Crystal Palace. It may be interesting to observe that Orcagna, as if quite conscious of his equal power in both lines of art, was accustomed to sign his name as "Pittore" on his sculpture, and "Sculptore" on his pictures. There is no signature upon this terra-cotta, but those who know his hand will be inclined to see in the work a mastery and peculiarly grand and serious expression in the heads, especially of the guardian angels standing as supporters of the group, which stamp it with the evidence of originality and authenticity. It is evidently above the style of Jacopo della Quercia, the only man to whom it could otherwise be well attributed; it has none of his pretty gracefulness and smiling beauty. It is altogether conceived more in the feeling of the severer school of the Pisani, from whence Orcagna drew his instruction, and upon which he formed his taste. But we must endeavour to describe this beautiful example of the sculptor's art in terra-cotta.

It represents a Gothic canopy, or pointed arch, crocketed, the spandrels filled with scroll-work and angels holding drapery. Beneath the canopy is the group of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, holding a flower, seated, with angels above holding a drapery. At the sides stand two fine figures of archangels, with wings raised high against the clustered columns, and blending, as it were, with the architecture in a manner completely that of Orcagna. Above the canopy, and projecting as a boss, is a bust of the youthful Christ. The whole work measures about 6 feet by 3. We have already endeavoured to indicate the points of expression which seem to us most characteristic of Orcagna's work; but it would be impossible to convey any exact idea of the style and beauty of the design and general excellence of the treatment unless it were seen. We can only say what an extremely interesting and beautiful example of Mediæval or Early Renaissance sculpture it is, and advise everyone to examine it for himself.

The history of the altar-piece is this:—When, three or four years ago, the present Marchese Carrigiani wished to convert the old "Ospitale" of his Palazzo into an apartment of his mansion, this altar-piece was discovered in the wall of the chapel of the "Ospitale" covered with plaster. It had no doubt occupied that place when the pilgrims stopped at the Palazzo which was open to them on their way to Rome, and was put there for their worship. The sculpture was shown to Mr. Trollope, whose judgment in art told him at once that it was a work of high merit, and, after being carefully cleaned, its beauties led every one who saw it to pronounce it the work of Andrea Orcagna.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

AFTER an illness of several years' duration, brought on, in the first instance, by excessive nervous excitement, and increased by an unhappy indulgence in stimulants, Mr. Frederick Robson died on Friday last, at the early age of forty-four. We have so recently spoken of him critically in these columns, *apropos* of a notice of him which appeared in an American magazine, that little is left for us to give but a few facts and dates. He was born at Margate in 1821, and became a youthful imitator of Edmund Kean, having seen the great tragedian before his retirement in 1830. He was apprenticed—the old story—to a copper-plate engraver, near Covent-Garden, but left his craft, and made a first appearance at the once-famous Amateur Theatre in Catherine-street, Strand, where he performed the part of Simon Meallbag, in the domestic drama of "Grace Huntley," with no more success than has been attained by a thousand other dramatic apprentices. From Catherine-street he went to Whitstable, where he acted in a first-floor as "second utility," and from Whitstable he went to Uxbridge, and a variety of equally small places, until he worked his way to Glasgow. From Glasgow he came to London, and, after appearing at the

City of London Theatre, in Norton Folgate, he accepted an engagement at the Grecian Saloon, in the City-road, in the early part of 1844. This place has been much misrepresented by many journalists who have written about this portion of Mr. Robson's career. We defended it, from personal knowledge, a few weeks back, and we may say again that twenty years ago it was then, as it is now, simply the best minor or local theatre in London. Mr. Robson was announced as "of the Theatre-Royal, Glasgow," and as his first appearance was a great success with an audience used to an excellent entertainment, he remained at this house for five years. He could hardly have been in a better school for good general practice; and here he played many of his best parts, such as Wormwood in "The Lottery Ticket," Jacob Earwig in "Boots at the Swan," and Jem Baggs in the "Wandering Minstrel," and created some of his most popular songs. To the lasting disgrace of the London managers, he was taken from the Grecian by an energetic and discerning provincial manager, Mr. Henry Webb (the chief of the two Brothers "Dromio") who was then, and is still, the lessee of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin. He played in Ireland, chiefly at Dublin and Belfast, for three years, until he had a quarrel with his audience about a supposed insult to the Roman Catholics, and he came to London, to be engaged by Mr. Farren at the Olympic. He appeared at this house at Easter, 1853, and at once took his place as the most daring and original actor who had ever appeared upon our stage. He quickly became a London, then an English, and then a European celebrity. No one was considered to have "done" London who had not seen Robson. He played in doggerel burlesque. The wildest farce, the best and worst domestic dramas, and whatever he touched, with very few exceptions, became endowed with strange and striking vitality. No great actor ever worked with such mongrel materials, or ever had so many bad pieces written for him to suit what was erroneously considered his peculiar mannerism. The whole gamut of human passion and feeling was within his grasp. He could rise to any height or drop to any depth, and he created the tragi-comic style which launched the first burlesques into popularity. He was emphatically a genius, and that word, if properly used, comprises all. During the short ten years of his brilliant career, during which he was chief comedian at the Olympic, under the different managements of Mr. Farren, Mr. Wigan, and himself in conjunction with Messrs Emden and Bentinck, he created the following parts:—"Macbeth," "Shylock," "The Yellow Dwarf," "Medea," and "Masaniello," all so-called travesties; the farce parts which we have mentioned before, with the addition of "Pawkins," in "Retained for the Defence"—a marvel of rich eccentric humour; and "Daddy Hardacre," and the old man in "The Porter's Knot" in the highest kind of domestic drama. A volume would be required to describe and analyse the merits of these impersonations. It is idle now to speculate as to what he might have done if his courage and ambition had been equal to his abilities, but we feel certain that in impulsive parts, like "Sir Giles Overreach," he would have done wonders. His head was very large; his figure small and neat; his face, when in repose, handsome, and almost pretty, with an extraordinary power of expressing every emotion. For nearly two years before his death he was little seen in London, and the few performances he gave were painful exhibitions. He leaves a widow and family—one child being a son, who is following his father's profession.

Judging from the thinness of the audience which—in spite of the fact that the performances were given for the benefit of such favourites of the public as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews—were gathered together on the last night of the St. James's season, we may assume that few persons were prepared to find in the new comedy produced on that occasion one of the most striking dramatic successes of recent times. The idea of bringing forward a really new and original comedy—for the new piece, entitled "How will They Get Out of It?" is, we believe, entirely free from any foreign origin—not only at a time when half London is by the sea-side, but also on the very night before shutting up the house for a month, seems an odd one; but as we have had a few similar instances of late, it may be supposed that actors or dramatic authors have some theory in favour of such a course. To the play-going public at least it must be tantalising to be told that the new piece is a remarkable success; but that they must wait to see it until the theatre reopens. This, however, may be the very thing which recommends the new fashion to the managerial judgment. Any way, we cannot doubt that the curiosity of those who have not seen it will be sufficiently excited by rumours of its merits to ensure a crowded house when the St. James's reopens on the 12th of September—as we presume it will reopen—with the same comedy.

Mr. Arthur Sketchley, or rather the gentleman who assumes this *nom de guerre*, has hitherto been chiefly known to the public as the inventor of Mrs. Brown, and the nightly narrator of her visit to the play. It must be confessed that his sketch of this amusing old lady, who is of the Sairey Gamp genus, clever though it is, did not in itself afford any presumption of a talent in its author for refined comedy. Mr. Sketchley had indeed produced a little piece at the same theatre, during Mr. Wigan's management, entitled "The Dark Cloud," which was pretty in story, and neatly constructed, but which did not present any very original features. "How will They Get Out of It?" is a remarkable advance upon that performance. Though not altogether faultless in construction, it has the high merit of never allowing the interest of the audience to flag for a moment; while the story, though sufficiently complicated, is altogether free from those misty and bewildering scenes

in which English dramatists, who refuse to lean on French supports, are apt to flounder. The success of the piece, in fact, was in every way a legitimate one. It has none of that infusion of melodramatic and tragic incidents for which some recent comedies have been remarkable; nor is a single laugh drawn out of the audience by a farcical or exaggerated situation. All is, in short, pure comedy, such as might satisfy the very stoutest upholder of the traditions of the Théâtre Français. The characters are all fashionably-dressed folks; the scenes are in drawing-rooms, or in the gardens of a delightful cottage by the sea-side. The *dramatis personæ* can always call a carriage, if necessary; and they amuse themselves with nothing more vulgar than croquet, or rambles *en grande tenue* by the sea-beach. But it would be a mistake to assume that there is anything like insipidity about them. Their characters are as truthful and as well varied as they well can be; and the complications amidst which the dramatist presents them have sufficient of human interest to secure the close attention of the audience to the fall of the curtain.

It would certainly not be true to say that the success of Mr. Sketchley's comedy depended chiefly upon the vivacity and naturalness of its dialogue, or upon the refined humour, freshness and variety of the situation in which the writer involves his *dramatis personæ*; but it is no less certain that a mere sketch of the story of the piece could give no notion of its peculiar merits. Briefly it may be described, as presenting Mr. Charles Mathews in the character of a good-natured cultivated gentleman, whose kindly, but blundering, attempts to serve his friends involve them, in the simplest, most natural way in the world, in endless perplexity and embarrassment. This character (Percy Wylding), though awakening some reminiscences of the actor's former triumphs, has enough of freshness in its working out to constitute at least a pleasant variation of what may be called the "Mathew idea." Mrs. Stirling acts delightfully the part of the wife of Percy Wylding, a fashionable lady, extremely fond of excitement and novelty, who has separated from her husband, whom she meets by accident at the house of Major Oldfield (Mr. Frank Matthews). These two form the principal characters in the comedy; and it is to their determination to keep their relations secret, till one or other can decently withdraw from the house, that much of the subsequent complications is due. The part of the young wife, Alice Egerton, who is led, by what appears good evidence, to doubt her husband's fidelity, was played with great spirit by Mrs. Charles Mathews, who is generally successful in the expression of strong feeling. None who have observed this lady's recent performances can doubt that she has capabilities beyond anything she has yet achieved; but a little less pouting and shutting of the eyes in sentimental scenes, and the omission of some other mannerisms, would not be amiss. Next in merit, in a performance remarkable for good acting in all its parts, was the impersonation of Mr. Frank Matthews, who, as the cheery, good-natured old major, was exceedingly lifelike, and whose knowing wink and smile at his own shrewdness was alone sufficient to provoke a roar of laughter. Some careful set scenes help materially to give reality to the new piece, which will no doubt have a considerable run.

One other novelty has marked the fag end of the dramatic season. It is an old fashion with actors and dramatic authors, when they are tired of inventing and performing other characters, to take to the impersonation of what they may term, after the Irish toast, "our noble selves." Such was the subject of the Adelphi piece, by Messrs. W. Brough and Andrew Halliday, entitled "The Actors' Retreat," produced at the Adelphi last week. The scene of this extravaganza is the green-room of the Adelphi Theatre, where the part of Mr. Phillips, stage manager, is performed by stage manager Mr. Phillips; where Mr. J. L. Toole plays the part of Mr. J. L. Toole; where Mr. Paul Bedford is Mr. Paul Bedford; and Mrs. Mellon simply Mrs. Mellon—all being attired in the elegant walking costume, perfect in cut, in fit, and in freshness, which all who know the theatres through the stage, now will admit to be characteristic of actors and actresses assembling for morning rehearsal. Here we have abundant jokes, revealing to the audience a few of the secrets of the actor's daily life. Everybody is unpunctual, and has an absurd excuse for short-comings. When these difficulties are got over, to the surprise of everybody Mr. Toole appears to be in a bad temper. He confesses that he is dissatisfied with his position, and for the first time informs his brother performers that he is, in his own opinion, very far from being in his proper sphere. Tragedy, he believes, is his forte; and, under this belief, his success in low comedy, instead of being a pleasure, has been gall and wormwood to him. In this juncture his friends, Mr. Paul Bedford and Mrs. Mellon, suggest that perhaps he may only be suffering from an attack of hypochondria, superinduced by his having been up all night studying a new comic part; and they entreat him to talk no more of quitting the stage and retiring into solitude, but simply to take a nap on the green-room couch. Accordingly, Mr. Toole allows himself to be wrapped up in a railway rug and composed to sleep, on which the scene immediately changes, and we are introduced to a scene which subsequently turns out to be merely a dream of the dissatisfied comedian. He is quickly indulged in fancy in his favourite idea of retirement in the woods, where the harassments he endures, and the manifold scrapes into which he gets, from the filching propensities of gipsies, no less than from the over-affectionate importunities of the queen of the tribe, prove amply sufficient to cure him of his newly-developed passion for a quiet retreat; while a pretty view of an actor's retreat of a different sort, the Dramatic College at Woking, appropriately closes

the dream, and leads to an awakening in the green-room again, and a renewed determination not to quit, at least for the present, the scene of his former triumphs. The extravaganza, which is neither very original in idea, nor, perhaps, altogether in good taste, presents a good deal of broad fun, and belongs to a class which generally meet with some degree of success.

The re-opening of the Bower Saloon in Lambeth by Mr. Walter Kimber, who was once stage-manager to Madame Vestris at the Lyceum, and who starts with a determination to make it an "operetta house," depending upon musical vaudevilles and burlesques, is a dramatic event which may be briefly chronicled for the present. The house, which stands within a few doors of the Canterbury Hall, has long been known as one of the most degraded in London, and it remains to be seen whether the taste and spirit of the new manager will enable him to compete successfully with such a popular neighbour.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree creating a prize of 100,000f., to be called "Grand Prix de l'Empereur," which will be awarded every five years for some great painting.

The Academie des Beaux Arts in Paris have elected M. Benedict corresponding member in London, for the section of musical composition, in the place of M. Baulien.

SCIENCE.

M. BOUSSINGAULT, in writing upon the subject of the nitre formations of Tacunga, explains how easily nitrate of potash is developed in the atmosphere. Nitrate is almost universally distributed, and is very rapidly formed. It results from the oxidation of the nitrogen which is contained in the atmosphere, and its combination with the potash of the soil. Schoenbein has shown that even where no potash exists, there is ammonia formed by combination of the nitrogen and hydrogen of the atmosphere, and this then unites with the nitric acid, forming nitrate of ammonia. These combinations are not deemed worthy of consideration by British agriculturists, who apply ammonia to their soils artificially. In Saxony a very different state of things exists, for there Baron Liebig's views are carried out to the letter.

M. L. A. Segoud proposes to form a classification of birds based upon the common principles of morphology. He has already constructed a classification of mammalia upon similar foundations. The taxological arrangement of birds would be somewhat more difficult. The characters selected in the mammalian scheme are those of the vertebral column; but, as the spine of birds is of a more constant character than that of mammals, he sums up the total characters of the skeleton in classifying these animals, which he ranges among four natural orders.

The following conclusions as to the relative properties of absinthe and eau-de-vie have been drawn by M. Decaisne:—1. When employed in the same doses and with equal degree of alcoholic concentration, absinthe produces far more marked and serious effects than eau-de-vie. 2. Absinthe produces intoxication, and the conditions known as chronic and acute alcoholization, much more rapidly than eau-de-vie. 3. Absinthe affects the nervous system more than the other, and produces results similar to those developed by a narcotico-acrid poison. 4. The great danger connected with absinthe is its liability to adulteration. 5. Absinthe of good quality, when taken even in moderate doses (a glass or two per day), produces sooner or later, according to the state of the constitution, diseases of a serious character, and which affect especially the digestive organs. 6. Finally, absinthe should not be consumed even in the most moderate doses.

About twelve months since, a considerable sensation was produced in the physiological world by the statements of certain experimenters, to the effect, that when blood impregnated with bacteria was injected into the circulating system of an animal, it produced diseases of a contagious nature. MM. Leplat and Taillard now come forward to disprove these assertions. Ten experiments were made upon animals, and the results have most decidedly negatived the supposition that bacteria can have any power of developing special maladies. The following conclusions have been arrived at by the physiologists whose names we have mentioned:—

1. When Bacteria or Vibrions are introduced through any medium into the blood of an animal, they produce no injurious result, unless, indeed, the medium itself contain certain virulent agents, for the action of which the other bodies are not responsible.

2. If the vehicle employed in injection contain putrid matter in large quantity, there is poisoning of the blood; but this is not productive of contagious disease, since the blood thus contaminated does not produce similar effects when introduced into the system of another animal.

There are very few now-a-days who know as much of the natural history and commercial bearings of the coral as M. Lacaze Duthiers, who was lately sent out by the French Government to investigate the growth of coral in the Mediterranean. This gentleman now points out some very important facts in connection with the colour of the coral as known to us, and the colour of the zoophyte as seen in the ocean. The *Gorgonia subtilis*, when taken from the sea, is of a lovely orange red hue, but in most writings it is described as

being white. The *Muricea placomus*, which is also orange when in its native element, is represented as being of a blackish colour. These differences owe their origin to the circumstance that in some corals the colouring material is deposited in the soft tissues, whilst in others it exists in the harder parts. In the first case, the cells which compose the *sarcosome*, or walls of the polyps' bodies, are filled with minute granulations, which produce the characteristic tint; but this matter is of a very delicate nature, and alters after death on exposure to air or fresh water. In the second case, the granulations being in the hard calcareous substance, it is enabled to resist external influences. It is a curious fact, that when the soft parts are coloured the hard parts are not, and *vice versa*.

A very important paper on Embryology has been contributed to a late number of the "Comptes Rendus," by M. C. Dareste. It is upon the phenomena observed in the cicatrice of the hen egg, according as the ovum has been fertilized or not. It is well known that the ovum itself undergoes segmentation independently of the fertilizing influence; in the cicatrice, on the other hand, segmentation does not go on unless the egg has been fertilized by contact with the sperm-matter.

M. Perrin, so famous for his experiments upon the physiological action of alcohol, now brings forward a new memoir, in which he shows that under the influence of alcohol the proportion of excreted urea is not increased. He, however, agrees with those physicians who say that alcohol, though not *absolutely* nutritious, is so *relatively*, owing to its property of preventing the waste of tissues.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

BUBBLE COMPANIES.

A LARGE batch of new companies is being prepared for the autumn season, and, with easier money, the speculators reckon on good sport by the time travellers shall have returned from all those out-of-the-way places, abroad and at home, where Englishmen may just now be found in search of the privacy and quiet which railways make impossible to rich and poor alike. As in this country we usually carry everything to excess, and refuse to take warning till too late, it is more than probable that we shall eventually have no tradesmen left, but that we shall have joint-stock companies for every imaginable purpose. Let the present state of feeling last a little longer, and the most cautious will in time yield to the force of fashion, and allow themselves to be entangled in some absurd scheme. Already it is the business of many men, not only to concoct new companies, but to find officers of all kinds who pay to be allowed to work them—not certainly to work them so as to spend the money on the objects for which the company was formed, however absurd that may have been, but to expend the capital for the actual personal benefits of all the office-bearers concerned, in certain well-understood proportions, so as to return the money paid for the privilege, and a profit besides. When the time shall come that these revelations can be safely made, with names, and dates, and figures, and all necessary particulars for enlightening the public mind, everyone will agree to wonder how such things could have existed, and why the press, with the knowledge it should possess, could remain silent. The explanation is, that the law of libel effectually prevents any such salutary disclosures. We can only comment on public questions as such; and these facts, though of vast public interest, are not yet brought before the public in such a form as to enable us to deal with individual cases as we could wish. Great scandals are in progress, and the English character will not be raised by the history of this commercial period, when it shall come to be written. In the good old days of Colonel Waugh, when his lavish hospitalities were the talk of the town, the stream of his sudden and great wealth was more than suspected by several well-informed persons to take its rise from the till of the Eastern Bank; but none would be bold enough to accept the responsibility of denouncing a man whose wife led the fashions of the day, though she failed to pay her modest millinery bills. We could name a gentleman who receives the salary of secretary from as many as ten different companies, all existing, and likely to go on, as long as the money lasts; and of all these same companies an active coadjutor of this worthy secretary is found as a director. One man may possibly honestly be a director in ten or a dozen different companies, and work for some of them—we cannot say; but it is hardly possible that one man should adequately perform the duties of secretary for several distinct companies at once.

A correspondent has greatly amused us by an account of an invitation given him the other day to invest in a new and promising company. He was assured it would pay, and all parties seemed, from the prospectus, thoroughly respectable and trustworthy. We rather suspect our correspondent to have been one of those easy mortals with more money than wit, for, according to his own

account, he seems to have been so far tempted as to have an interview with the secretary; and whilst busily engaged in discussing the prospect of dividends, he saw a portly gentleman pass through the office, whose countenance was familiar to him. This was one of the directors, described on the prospectus with the usual addition of esquire, with a good address, in a small street in one of the best neighbourhoods of London. A few months before, this same person had been butler in his service, and had only left it to take a lodging-house, from whence he truly dated at the address so given. How this quasi-director could have managed to sign cheques, even for directors' pay, our correspondent could not tell; unless he had profited more than the ordinary adult pupil by a few lessons in writing, which he might have taken since signing for his last quarter's wages by the usual cross.

In another case, amongst the list of shareholders is a servant of all work, whose wages are £7 or £8 a year, and whose name and signature are made to represent a money value of some hundreds of pounds, but who never had a shilling to invest, and who, in fact, knew nothing whatever of the company in which her name appears.

Such being the kind of persons who are to be found in connection with some of the recent companies, it is obvious that we have no longer a sufficient security against fraud in the provisions of the Limited Liability Act. Something, too, must be said of the business objects of some of these new concerns. Who is there that buys coals, milk, salt, cigars, or snuff, or a machine for milking cows, from a real joint-stock company, "limited," with a real list of directors and a real secretary, and all the other realities of the new system, except the capital, which is more generally represented by figures than cash? Yet numerous companies exist for carrying on these and numberless other kinds of businesses which common-sense people imagine can be better managed by an individual who is responsible to his customers than by all the combinations of the joint-stock system put together. The remedy for such irregularities and improprieties as we have adverted to obviously lies in some form of publicity. Of all our numerous daily and weekly papers, we do not know one which is able to devote sufficient space and attention to the proceedings of joint-stock companies. The system of limited liability is extending in all directions, and men who are devoid of education, and whose character, to say the least, is altogether unknown, are now put into responsible positions as directors and managers of companies. We require a full account of all they do and say, and this publicity will, we suspect, be the only safeguard shareholders can rely upon.

THOUGH dulness prevails, the tendency of monetary affairs continues favourable, a more satisfactory feeling prevails in all departments of business, and discount accommodation is now obtainable in the open money market, $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. under the Bank of England minimum. This quotation—viz., $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.—is, of course, only for the very best description of mercantile securities, the general rate still ranging from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 per cent. On the Stock Exchange money was obtained from day to day at from 4 to 5 per cent. The easier condition of things has been due chiefly to two causes—the increase of the balances at the command of the joint-stock and private establishments, and the less disposition evinced by the public to obtain assistance. In English securities some sales of stock have recently been effected on behalf of the Scotch banks; but the English market is just now so sensitive that the slightest movement sends the price up and down, though not to any material extent.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·30 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly 3-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The half-monthly settlement in the foreign market passed off well, and in nearly every instance an improvement was shown.

In Colonial Government Securities Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) were dealt in at $97\frac{1}{2}$; 5 per Cents., 85 money, 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ account; Natal 6 per Cents., 105 $\frac{1}{2}$; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888-92), 96 $\frac{1}{2}$; South Australian 6 per Cents. (1878), 106 7; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and Oct.), 108 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9.

The late news from America has had a marked effect on Confederate Stock, which improved about 2 per cent., the last price being 76 8; but fuller advices are anxiously looked for. The transactions at these prices were not numerous, and the Liverpool interest were the only dealers.

Messrs. J. H. Schröder & Co. have announced payment of the half-yearly dividend, due the 1st September next, on the Confederate 7 per Cent. Cotton Loan. It is at the same time notified that the second half-yearly drawing for the redemption of an amount equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the amount of the loan then unredeemed by cotton will take place in London on the same day.

Spanish Securities have been firm. A report is current that

Senor Salaverria will shortly be displaced, and that his successor will be prepared to deal on a liberal footing with the debt. The Passives were operated in at $30\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{5}{8}$ for money, and at $30\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ for the account, the latest price being $30\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$. The Certificates for money were taken at $12\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$, and for the account at $12\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{5}{8}$, finally standing $12\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$. The purchases are stated to be in a great degree on behalf of parties intimately connected with two of the firms that recently advanced the £2,000,000 to the Bank of Madrid.

Greek remained firm, but without alteration. Italian are rather better at $67\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$.

The dividends are advertised on the Danish Four per Cent. Stock of 1850-61.

The Committee of the Stock Exchange appointed Friday, the 19th instant, a special settling day in the shares of the Great Eastern Steam-ship Company (Limited); to be marked in the bi-weekly lists.

We extract the following facts from "Bird's-eye View of English Joint-Stock Banking":—The London and Westminster Bank holds $15\frac{1}{2}$ millions as deposits, and pays its shareholders 30 per cent. dividend per annum on one million of paid-up capital. The Union Bank of London holds $16\frac{1}{2}$ millions as deposits, and pays its shareholders 15 per cent. per annum on £750,000 of paid-up capital. The Bank of England holds $12\frac{3}{4}$ millions of deposits (exclusive of Government moneys), and pays its shareholders 9 per cent. dividend per annum on $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions of capital.

The official return of the imports and exports of bullion and specie for the past week shows that there have been imported into the United Kingdom gold valued at £108,286, and silver, £188,505—together, £296,791. There have been exported gold valued at £145,395; and silver, £75,730—together, £221,125. The imports, therefore, have exceeded the exports by £75,666.

The bar silver by the West India steamer has been disposed of at 61 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per ounce, showing no alteration when compared with the prices paid at the sales by the last packet. Meanwhile, however, a fractional fall has been experienced, but the quotation has now recovered, owing to a partial revival in the demand for India.

In addition to the vessels already known to be on their way from Australia with bullion, the following are announced to have sailed since the last mail:—*True Briton*, with 25,777oz., value £103,108, sailed May 7; *Wellesley*, 23,734oz., value £94,936, sailed May 25; *Norfolk*, 7,825oz., value £31,300, sailed June 11; *Garraucalt*, 28,153oz., value £112,612, sailed June 21—making a total of £341,956.

English Railway Stocks have been rather flat, but Indiana guaranteed descriptions have improved.

The traffic returns for the past week exhibit a receipt of £725,220 on 11,250 miles, against £666,982 on 11,060 miles open in the corresponding week of 1863, and £637,841 on 10,740 miles open in 1862. This gives an increase of £58,238 over the corresponding week of 1863, and of £87,389 over 1862. The receipts per mile per week show an increase, as compared with those of 1863, of £4 3s. 2d., and of £5 1s. 6d. over 1862.

The half-yearly meeting of the Great Northern Railway Company is convened for this day.

At an extraordinary meeting of the Ottoman Financial Association, held on the 13th instant, it was agreed to expunge from the articles of association such portion of the seventh clause as compelled the directors to offer all new shares in the first instance to the shareholders. The object is to enable the directors to meet the wishes of friends in Turkey, who require an immediate location of 10,000 shares. A meeting is called for the 30th instant to confirm the resolutions, which include a proposal to increase the capital.

The late stringency of the money market has exercised an unfavourable influence over metals. Not only has the demand slackened, but prices have been thereby affected, and the general appearance of our market has altogether changed. Operations of a speculative character have for a time ceased. Consumers buy only for immediate requirements. Shipments are becoming daily more restricted, and business again flows into more regular and legitimate channels. Now that difficulties ensue in obtaining credits, there may arise a pressure of sales both from first and second hands; and should such be the case, there is every probability that a decline of no inconsiderable extent would soon take place; indeed, some forced sales have already commenced, and the future prospects of the market do now appear so obscure, that a very unsettled period seems to be fast approaching.

The following statistics of our mineral production for 1863 are very interesting:—The value of the minerals produced was £29,151,976, from which metals of the value of £36,364,327 were extracted. Of gold quartz we produced 385 tons, worth £1,500; of tin ore, 15,157 tons, worth £963,985; of copper ore, 212,947 tons, worth £1,100,554; of lead ore, 91,283 tons, worth £1,193,530; of silver ore, 88 tons, worth £5,703; and of zinc ore, 12,941 tons, worth £29,968. During the year in question there were sold 95,376 tons of pyrites, for £62,035; and the rarer minerals—wolfram, uranium, gossans, arsenic, and earthy minerals—raised were of the value of £1,980,866. These items, with the value of 9,101,552 tons of iron ore, £3,240,890, and 86,292,215 tons of coal, £2,572,945, raises the total to £29,151,976, which was manufactured into nearly £40,000,000 worth of merchantable produce. To produce these results direct employment has been given to at least 500,000 men, so that our mineral industries may be considered as alone supporting a population of nearly 3,000,000, in addition to adding much to the

general wealth of the kingdom, and especially to the wealth of those whose capital has been employed in mining operations.

The general business of the port of London last week exhibited rather less activity. At the Custom House, 256 vessels were announced as having arrived from foreign ports. There were five from Ireland and 127 colliers. The entries outwards comprised 126, and those cleared with cargo were 88, besides which 18 were despatched in ballast. The departures for the Australian colonies were five vessels, viz., two to Sydney of 1,022 tons, one to Port Phillip of 1,068 tons, one to Adelaide of 685 tons, and one to New Zealand of 1,022 tons, the total amounting to 4,291 tons.

The deliveries in London in the tea trade, made up for the week, are 1,070,217 lbs., being an increase of 28,667 lbs. compared with the previous return.

It is stated that at Paris the negotiations for a new Egyptian loan are making progress. It is understood two or three parties are using their best endeavours to secure the contract. It will be brought out under strong auspices, and, the credit of the Pacha being satisfactory, the price obtained will, it is believed, be favourable.

AN Imperial decree has been published approving a provisional convention entered into on the 1st of April, 1863, between the Minister of Public Works and MM. Arlès-Dufour, Germain, and Sellier, relative to the concession of a railway from Sathonay to Bourg by Villars, and with liberty to unite the said line to that from Lyons to Geneva, and to the draining of certain sheets of water in the Dombes. The Government engages to grant, as a subvention for the execution of the said railways, a sum of 3,750,000*fr.*, in ten half-yearly payments, the company being required to prove, before receiving each instalment, the expenditure of double the amount in the purchase of land, works, materials, &c. The parties receiving the concession are, moreover, bound to drain and bring into a state for cultivation, within ten years, an extent of at least 6,000 hectares (15,000 acres) of ponds and marshes, and for which operations the Government will grant a further subvention of 1,500,000*fr.*, payable in twenty half-yearly instalments.

MONDAY, the 15th inst., being the Emperor's fête day, it was a holiday at the Paris Bourse.

FROM the *New York Journal of Commerce* of August 2 we learn:—Gold opened at 251 and went up to 259, closing at 257½. Silver sold up to 243 to 245, with a good demand. Foreign exchange is selling at 109 for sterling in gold. Bankers are cautious about a currency rate. We quote:—Bills at 60 days on London, 276 to 280 for bankers'; Paris at 60 days, 2·07½ to 2·02½; Hamburg, 91 to 92½; Amsterdam, 102 to 103½; Bremen, 194 to 197; Prussian thalers, 177 to 180. The stock market is heavy and lower, and holders were more eager to sell. The Bank statement for the week, as compared with the preceding returns, shows a decrease of \$5,047,281 in loans and discounts; and \$135,466 in circulation, and an increase of \$17,984 in specie, and \$4,948,308 in net deposits. The export of specie, from Jan. 1 to July 23, was \$6,130,000, against \$4,737,000 during the corresponding period last year, \$6,880,000 in 1862, \$652,000 in 1861, and \$5,222,000 in 1860. The foreign imports, from Jan. 1 to July 23, were valued at \$28,048,000, against \$19,985,000 in 1863, and \$18,680,000 in 1862.

THE Spanish Financial Commission notify that at the auction of the redeemable debt, to take place in Madrid on the 31st inst., the amounts assigned are as follows:—Rs. Vn. 1,500,000 for the 1st class Interior Stock; Rs. Vn. 997,000 for the 2nd class Interior Stock; Rs. Vn. 13,678,069 for the 2nd class Exterior Stock.

THE guarantee under the concession by the Ottoman Government, amounting to £39,360 per annum, has been received by the Smyrna and Aidin Railway Company upon the accounts furnished for the last financial year. This amount will continue to be paid annually until the line is open to Aidin, when the guarantee upon the entire capital of £1,784,000 will come into operation.

THE annual general meeting of the Banque Générale Suisse will be held at Geneva on the 5th September next. Shareholders desiring to attend will be required to deposit their shares on or before the 31st instant.

WE learn the following particulars from the *Calcutta Englishman* of July 8:—Government securities continue to decline. Large amounts of paper have been placed in the market both from London and Bombay, and as there are almost no European buyers, most of it has found its way into the bazaar. Fours close at 96½, Fives at 105½ to 106, and Fives-and-a-Half at 115½ to 116. The money market is quiet and steady. At present there appear to be no influences at work likely to produce much change either way, and in all probability we shall see little stir in money matters for some time to come. The Bank rate remains unchanged, but money can be had outside at about 1 per cent. under it. Exchange has suffered a slight reaction caused by the arrival of the China mail with large remittances in sterling, bills, and draughts on the local banks. The rate for bank paper advanced to 2s. 0½d., at which a fair amount of business has been done. There has been a downward tendency again towards the close of the mail, and the rate may be said to close at 2s. 0¼d. First class credits have been placed at 2s. 0½d. to 2s. 0¾d., and document bills at 2s. 0½d. to 2s. 1d.

THE Indian journals give an account of an auction-sale of Back Bay Reclamation Company's shares at Bombay. The profit realised on the 400 shares sold amounted to upwards of a million sterling. The average profit was 26,345 rupees per share. The Company, therefore, will start with a reserve fund of 50 per cent. on its proposed capital. The sale produced most extraordinary excitement. A Parsee acted as auctioneer, and most of the bidders were natives. The first share was knocked down for 24,500 rupees, but the price speedily rose to 30,000 rupees, and then to 35,000 rupees, at which price a goodly number were sold. The fact of 400 shares of a Company which has not, nor is likely to commence operations for some time to

come, fetching such an enormous premium, is probably without a precedent.

THE following is from the Madras Railway Company:—"The traffic receipts on this Company's South-West line, 406 miles in length, amounted to £133,091 for the six months ending 30th of June last, against £100,738 for the corresponding period of 1863, showing an increase of £32,353, or 32½ per cent. over last year. On the North-West line, 41 miles open, the receipts for the six months ending as above have been £7,230 against £5,629 for the corresponding period of last year, showing an increase of £1,601, or 28½ per cent. The aggregate receipts have increased by £33,954, equal to 31½ per cent., while the mileage open of both lines has remained the same as last year."

THE directors of the Madras Bank have declared a dividend for the half-year ending 30th June of 75 rupees per share, being at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, or 3 per cent. in excess of the dividend for the previous half-year.

ADVICES from Adelaide, South Australia, reach to the 27th of June. The Legislative Session was opened by a speech from the Governor on the 27th of May, in which he stated that:—"Our exports are largely on the increase; trade and commerce are sound and healthy; there is no want of profitable employment for all classes of the community; and I believe I am warranted in saying that at no other period of the colony's history have we had greater evidence of substantial prosperity." The banks purchased bills on London at sixty days' sight at 1 per cent. discount, and sold at 1 per cent. premium.

TRADE OF NASSAU.—The Governor of the Bahamas states, in his annual report to the Colonial-office, that the imports into Nassau rose from £274,581 in value in 1861 to £1,250,322 in 1862; and the exports from £195,584 to £1,007,755. This is attributable to the important part which this harbour has played as an *entrepôt* of English goods destined for the ports of the Confederate States.

ADVICES from Alexandria state that money is in great demand there owing to the large sums sent into the interior for advances on the new season's cotton crop. This crop, it is said, promises extremely well, and some persons place its probable value at £25,000,000. The rise of the Nile has gone on favourably and kept within bounds, the Government meanwhile taking full precautions against danger from inundation.

THE increased value of the merchandise imported into the United Kingdom from Egypt during the last three years is very remarkable. In 1861 the real value of the total imports was £8,398,493; in 1862 it rose to £12,225,392; and in 1863 it advanced to £16,495,581; the article which contributes most largely to this augmentation being raw cotton, of which the quantity brought into this country in the year 1861 amounted to 365,108 cwt.; in 1862, to 526,897 cwt.; and in 1863, to 835,289 cwt. Reverting to the official accounts ten years back, we find that the imports from Egypt were valued at very little more than 3¼ millions sterling, a sum scarcely equal to one-fifth of last year's transactions. Our exports to Egypt of British and Irish manufactures during the last three years were valued, in 1861, at £2,278,848, in 1862 at £2,405,982, and in 1863 at £4,416,240,—these augmented figures being in a great measure due to cotton manufactures, so far as regards the year 1863. Of foreign and colonial products shipped hence to Egypt, the annual value, during the last five years, gives an average of about £140,000. The amount of gold and silver bullion and specie imported from Egypt last year was £18,086, being an excess, as compared with the previous year, of £12,172. The amount exported in 1863 was 12¼ millions, or a decrease of £340,400 in respect to that shipped in 1862.

ALL the accounts from Mexico concur in reporting a great increase in the Customs' receipts at the Atlantic ports, and in a vast extension of general enterprise within the interior of the country, especially in mining. The French packet, now due at St. Nazaire, is expected to bring nearly £1,000,000 in silver. The cultivation of cotton is enormously increasing in Texas. According to accounts, it appears to be expected that the growing cotton crop of that State will be as large this year as it ever was, owing to the amount of negro labour that has been transferred thither from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, the region of the war movements. Picking has commenced, and the probable yield is represented to be more than 550,000 bales. With regard to the other Southern States, an opinion is expressed that they will make altogether about a million bales.

THE subjoined notices relate to the debts of Venezuela and Ecuador:

"VENEZUELA DEBT.—Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co.'s agents in Venezuela, under date 25th July, advise having collected for 55 per cent. of the import duties for about two weeks. From the Custom-house of Puerto Cabello, \$2,918 92c., and from that of La Guayra, \$23,090 95c., making a total of \$26,009 87c.

"EQUADOR.—The mail from Guayaquil has brought a remittance of £117. 16s. 7d. on account of the dividends on the debt of Ecuador."

From Manchester we hear of an extraordinary "find" of silver pennies—chiefly of the reign of Henry III. A writer in the local press says:—"The extent of the deposit may be gathered from the fact that the total quantity of these coins found numbers about 6,400 pieces, having an aggregate weight of about twenty-one pounds avoirdupois. A new junction road is being made from Wellington-road, Eccles, past the boundary wall on the west side of the ancient residence known as Monks' Hall, where it is probable the monks of Whalley Abbey, who were formerly the lords of the greater part of Eccles, Monton, and Swinton, had a grange or farm residence, with tithe barns, &c., and where they collected rents and tithes from their tenants and other inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Here the discovery was made by a young man named Britch, who, about ten days ago, picked up a few coins at the wall, and thought so little of the discovery that he gave some away to his companions. He afterwards found more, and was brought into communication with Mr. Allan Gibb, a local antiquary, under whose auspices a coarse earthenware pot, containing the quantity above stated, was disinterred on Friday morning last."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.*

WE shall best consult the interest of our readers by confining our attention to an outline of the contents of this remarkable volume, without attempt at criticism. The religious problems which M. Guizot has endeavoured to solve are these:—Is Christianity true? What are its essential dogmas or principles? He desires to answer these questions, not in any narrow sectarian spirit, but largely, and in a cosmopolitan point of view, as a Christian. He says:—"In my own mind, I have borne the burden of the objections to the Christian system and to each of its essential dogmas; I have experienced the anxieties of doubt: I shall state how I have escaped from doubt, and the grounds upon which my convictions have been formed." In proceeding to fulfil this promise, he first impresses on his readers the irresistible fact, that "Christianity exists in the presence of liberty; it has to deal with free thought—with free discussion." The consequence of this contact with liberty is, that it will be called on to defend itself, to prove incessantly, and against every comer, its moral and historical veracity; to vindicate its claims upon man's intelligence and man's soul. It has surmounted past tests and trials; it will surmount greater ones in the future. The consciousness, however, of the common peril to which it is exposed from the attacks of enemies, is not as clear and as well defined in the several Christian churches, thinks M. Guizot, as the common safety demands. The Roman Catholic dreads freedom of thought too much; the Protestant, on his side, has too great a fear of authority. The tendency of the one system is to condemn Christianity to immobility, of the other to reduce it to mere sentiment; and of both to prevent the several communions of Christians from concentrating all their forces on the mighty struggle in which they must engage.

After preliminary observations of the above kind, M. Guizot proceeds to the systematic consideration of his subject, observing that the present volume, the subject of which is the *essence* of Christianity, is only the first of a series on the Christian religion. The history of that religion he proposes to make the subject of a second volume of *Meditations*; its actual internal and external condition, that of a third; and its future destiny, of the fourth. In the second volume, the authenticity of the Scriptures, and questions of modern criticism will be considered.

The *Meditations* in the present volume are eight in number, the first of which, on "Natural Problems," contains a statement of the general question. Wherever man has existed, or still exists, certain questions have irresistibly forced themselves on his attention. What is the origin of man? What of the world? What are their beginning and their end? Is there a Legislator? Is man a responsible agent, or is he a mere instrument of fate? Is the Supernatural possible? Why Prayer? Is there a Providence? It is not, thinks M. Guizot, sufficient to treat these questions as matters of sentiment or as a mere poetry of the soul. On this point he remarks:—

"Unquestionably the religious sentiment, the intimate and personal relation of the soul with the Divine order, is essential and necessary to religion; but religion is more than this—much more. The human soul is not to be divided and restricted to certain faculties selected and exalted, whilst the rest are condemned to slumber. Man is not a mere sensitive and poetic being, aspiring to rise above the present and material world by love and imagination: he not only feels, but he thinks; he requires to know and believe as well as love; it is not enough that his soul should be capable of emotion and aspiration; he requires that it should be fixed, and rest upon convictions in harmony with his emotions. This it is that man seeks in religion; he requires something more than a pure and noble rapture; he requires enlightenment, as well as sympathy. But if the moral problems that beset his thought are not solved, what he experiences may be poetry,—it is not religion.

"I cannot contemplate unmoved the troubles of men of lofty minds, seeking in the religious sentiment alone a refuge against doubt and impiety. It is well to preserve, in the shipwreck of faith and the chaos of thought, the great instincts of our nature, and not to lose sight of the sublime requirements which remain unsatisfied. I know not to what extent men of eminent minds may thus compensate, by their sincerity and fervour of sentiment, for the void in their belief; but let them not deceive themselves; barren aspirations and specious doubts satisfy a man as little as to his future spiritual interests as with respect to his condition in the present life; the natural problems to which I have alluded will ever be the great weight pressing upon the soul, and religious sentiment will never alone suffice to be the religion of mankind."

In the Second Meditation, on "Christian Dogmas," M. Guizot presents the solutions which, in his opinion, Christianity offers of these natural problems. The word "dogma," he says, we are apt now to regard with distrust and alarm; we suspect that it masks illegitimate pretensions and tyranny, and imposes an imperious necessity of believing. The dislike of the term was natural, and arose from the unnatural invasions of human liberty by ecclesiastical authority. The word has, however, a proper meaning, and may aptly represent those great truths which form the bases of the Christian religion, and are therefore called "Christian dogmas." These fundamental doctrines are, in M. Guizot's opinion, the Creation, Providence, Original Sin, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. "These constitute," he says, "the essence of the

Christian religion, and all who believe these dogmas I hold to be Christians."

By the dogma of Creation, M. Guizot means the first placing of man and the several species of animals in the world by the fiat of the Creator. The only consistent opponents of this dogma are those who maintain that the universe has existed from all eternity in its present state; but this is language which no one can hold, for facts are invincibly opposed to it. The other opponents are the advocates of spontaneous generation on the one hand, and of the Darwinian transformation of species on the other. Both these theories are untenable in a scientific point of view. Spontaneous generation has been disproved, or it has failed in being proved. The experiments which have from time to time been instituted to prove it have all broken down before the facts of the microscope. Besides, it could, under the most favourable circumstances, account only for the lowest forms of organised existence; it could not account for the human being with his present powers and capacities. M. Guizot here insists that it is the adult man that spontaneous generation must account for. Were man ever to be spontaneously produced as an infant, he would, from his helplessness, perish immediately. As to the system of the transformation of species, he maintains that it is no less refuted by science than by the instincts of common sense. "Man is not an ape transformed and perfected by some dim imperceptible fermentation of the elements of nature, and by the operation of ages." Into this particular question M. Guizot does not enter as largely as its importance might seem to demand; but it is evident that he is convinced that the fact of such great naturalists as M. Cuvier, M. Fleurens, M. Coste, and M. Quatrefages, being decidedly opposed to the theory of the transformation of species is a sufficient reason for rejecting it as untenable in the discussion of the great problems of religion. He looks to Science for the settlement of the question, and on these authorities accepts its decision.

The question of Providence is the question of Prayer. If there be no Providence there can be no prayer, and no religion; and if the Supernatural be impossible, there can be no Providence. M. Guizot truly observes:—

"God is not an expedient, invented to explain the first link in the chain of causation, an actor called to open by creation the drama of the world, then to relapse into a state of inert uselessness. By the very fact of his existence, God is present with his work, and sustains it. Providence is the natural and necessary development of God's existence; his constant presence and permanent action in creation. The universal and insuperable instinct which leads man to prayer is in harmony with this great fact; he who believes in God cannot but have recourse to Him and pray to Him."

But it is said that God governs the world by general laws, and that he is immutable in his purpose; how can we expect that he will break these laws to grant particular human requests? "This objection," says M. Guizot, "never fails to astonish me. The majority of those who urge it assert at the same time that God is incomprehensible. What is the objection but an attempt to comprehend God?" It ignores, besides, two fundamental facts of nature—the instincts which impel man to belief, and man's free agency. On this part of his subject, M. Guizot's arguments tell with overwhelming force. Human liberty is the great fact in nature which proves that the world is not governed, without exception, by general laws. When God created man, he created him something different from the physical world, in making him a free and a moral agent; man can change, in his sphere, the laws of nature, and he is himself a living instance, ever before us, of the supernatural. "I assume, as a certain and incontestable fact," he says, "the principle of human liberty;" and then adds:—

"Admitting this, it cannot be said that God governs mankind at large by general and permanent laws; for what would this be but to ignore or annul the liberty granted to man, that is to say, to misconceive and mutilate the Work of God himself? Man exercises a free determination, and in his own life actually gives birth to events which are not the result of any general and external laws. Divine Providence watches the operations of man's volition, and records the manner in which it has been exercised. It does not treat man as it deals with the stars in heaven and the waves of the ocean, which have neither thought nor will; with man it has other relations than with nature, and employs a different mode of action."

We pass rapidly over the three remaining dogmas. The dogma of original sin expresses no more than certain facts with which the human heart is well familiar. It implies that man is free and fallible, that as a responsible agent he has failed in his duty, and that the law of God has justly entailed punishment on him; also that frailty and punishment are hereditary. The doctrine of the Incarnation he insists on in the strongest terms, and in its generally accepted sense, that "the Word became flesh and dwelt among us." He says, "it is the fact of the Incarnation which constitutes the Christian faith. To disregard this fact—to deny the divinity of Jesus Christ—is to deny, to overthrow the Christian religion, which would never have been what it is but that the divine Incarnation was its principle, and Jesus Christ—God and Man—its author." We doubt if M. Guizot's notion of the Redemption will coincide with the prevailing one of a sacrifice to satisfy God's anger against sin. He declines to enter into the controversies which have sprung up with respect to this dogma. "I pause," he says, "upon the fact itself of the redemption by Jesus Christ. All that the most renowned heroes, the most glorious saints of humanity, have striven to accomplish in order to expiate the sins of any creature, or any

* *Meditations on the Essence of Christianity and on the Religious Questions of the Day.* By M. Guizot. London: John Murray.

nation, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the God-man, came to effect for all mankind by means of incomparable sorrow, humiliation, and suffering."

The next Meditation is on "the Supernatural." M. Guizot rightly contends that to deny the Supernatural is to destroy religion. This subject had been already alluded to in his remarks on Providence; but here it receives a special consideration. There are two schools which deny the supernatural: the Pantheist school, which asserts its impossibility, and the school of Hume, which denies that it can be proved by testimony. The disciples of the latter he accuses of timidity, in having attacked the supernatural in a side way; but at the same time proposes to render them justice on account of the prudent and honest instinct which held them back on the declivity which they saw would inevitably lead to pantheism and fatalism. As to the impossibility of miracles as supernatural, and the fixity and immutability of Nature's laws which they are supposed to contradict, he repeats all that he had already said on human liberty with greater force than before; and, after showing from the fact of creation that the first of Miracles is God himself, he adds:—

"There is a second miracle—man. I resume what I have already said; by his title as a moral being and a free agent, man lives beyond and above the influence of the general and permanent laws of nature; he creates by his will effects which are not at all the necessary consequences of any pre-existent law; and those effects take their place in a system absolutely distinct and independent from the visible order which governs the universe. The moral liberty of man is a fact as certain and natural as the order of nature, and it is at the same time a supernatural fact—that is to say, essentially foreign to the order of nature and to its laws."

In the fourth and fifth Meditations on the "Limits of Science" and "Revelation," M. Guizot's arguments correspond, in the main, with those which he has followed on the Supernatural. We therefore pass them by, and proceed to a Meditation of much interest, on the "Inspiration of the Holy Scripture." Our readers will be quite prepared to find that a writer of the freethinking habits of mind of M. Guizot has not adopted that view of Inspiration which has been held by the Church from the earliest ages. His views, in fact, are those which are now so prevalent, that Holy Scripture contains the revelation, or word of God. He says that it is not without deep regret that he proceeds to contradict ancient traditions, but that his conviction is stronger than his regret, and still more so because of another of his convictions, that the notion of a verbal inspiration of Scripture has occasioned, continues to occasion, and may still occasion, an immense evil to Christianity. He refers to the fact that there are faults of style and grammar in the Scriptures, and then asks, "Are we to suppose that these faults have the same origin as the doctrines with which they are intermixed? are both divinely inspired?" He adds:—

"In this assertion I see but deplorable confusion, leading to profound misapprehension both of the meaning and the object of the sacred books. It was not God's purpose to give instruction to men in grammar, and if not in grammar, neither was it any more God's purpose to give instruction in geology, astronomy, geography, or chronology. It is on their relations with their Creator, upon duties of men towards Him and towards each other, upon the rule of faith and of conduct in life, that God has lighted them by light from heaven. It is to the subject of religion and morals, and to these alone, that the inspiration of the Scriptures is directed."

In replying to the argument commonly taken from Scripture to prove its own Inspiration—"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," &c. (2 Tim. iii. 16)—after striving to turn these words into an argument to support his own views, he exclaims:—

"Never-dying pretension of man's weakness! Created intelligent and free, he proposes to use largely his intelligence and his freedom; at the same time, conscious how feeble his means are, how inadequate to his aspirations, he invokes a guide, a support; and from the very moment that his hope fixes upon it, he will have it immutable, infallible."

It is unnecessary to follow M. Guizot further in this Meditation. His aim is manifest, namely, to prove that the veracity of Scripture cannot be depended on in statements of ordinary facts, or in matters of science, or of history, but only on those occasions where God speaks authoritatively, either directly himself or indirectly through His apostles and prophets, on the proper subject-matter of Divine revelation, or man's duty. Having thus satisfied his mind on the inspiration of Scripture, M. Guizot brings the present volume to a close by two Meditations on the whole Bible. In the first of these he traces the "Character of God according to the Bible," in His several revelations to the patriarchs and prophets, and the gradual education and preparation of Israel for the coming of the Messiah. Of the last Meditation, "Jesus according to the Gospels" is the subject. To these we must be content simply to refer the reader. They are full of deep and earnest feeling, worked out with the skill of practised thought, and abounding in passages of the most fervid eloquence. For philosophers of the school of Rénan, M. Guizot has no sympathy. They make Christ perfect and sublime, and yet a dreamer—at once dupe and deceiver, and yet perfect, incomparable—the greatest genius and the noblest heart the world has ever seen. Strange inconsistency! "It is a Jesus false and impossible, made by the hand of man, pretending to dethrone the real living Jesus—the Son of God."

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.*

SOME discussion, we perceive, has arisen as to the identity of the facile writer of the lucubrations of Cornelius O'Dowd. Who is O'Dowd? Is he Mr. Lever, or Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, or whom? Writers of the "Flâneur" class, club gossips, and London correspondents of provincial papers, who are always great in subjects of this kind, wherein they exhibit the combined genius (or want of genius) of the penny-a-liner and the detective policeman, have been endeavouring to get up a kind of "Junius" discussion on the matter, though not, we should say, with much probability of prolonged success. Posterity is not very likely to trouble itself about the authorship of a set of papers appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the utmost that can be said is that they may amuse an idle hour or two. We have briefly alluded to these essays, from time to time, in noticing the numbers of the northern miscellany in which they appeared. They did not strike us as being any very brilliant addition to the lustre of that all-but extinguished luminary; and a reperusal of them confirms that opinion. Not that we think them unworthy of being reprinted. They are undoubtedly entertaining, and are obviously the production of a man who has seen a good deal of the world, who has encountered many curious varieties of human nature, and who has a certain superficial skill in the delineation of manners. But the colours are washed in somewhat feebly and faintly; the humour, though pleasant as far as it goes, is poor in quality, and the wit is of the flimsiest. The character of the writing generally is similar to the conversation of an easy, well-bred man of the world, full of anecdote of what he has seen and heard in half the cities of Europe, and gifted with the readiness, self-possession, and adaptability which are sometimes mistaken for a high order of intelligence. We all know, however, that the charm of such conversation and of such writing does not last long. In a little while we get tired of the eternal levity, the half-views of men and things, the want of positive opinions, and the general suggestion of indolent indifference to all but the sociability of the passing moment.

Of foreign lands, Cornelius O'Dowd seems to be best acquainted with Italy, where he appears to have been long a resident. Several papers in the early part of his volume are devoted to life and manners in that country, especially during the recent revolutionary times; and he gives a lively, though on the whole not an agreeable, picture of the Italian character and of Italian prospects. Being somewhat Conservative in his leanings, or at least not Liberal (for, like your true man of the world, his ideas are rather negative than positive), he has no enthusiasm about the recent national uprising, and does not feel himself called upon to utter rhapsodies about the present or the future. Yet he is not unjust to the existing order of things, nor does he lament over the past; and of Garibaldi he speaks with a warmth of admiration not characteristic of his writings commonly. The Piedmontese he thinks a dull, gloomy, formal set of people; the more thoroughly Italian populations he represents as crafty, indolent, fickle, frivolous, dishonest, and not very capable of asserting their independence of foreign influences. There is doubtless a good deal of hasty generalization in all this; but of course there is some truth too. Ages of misgovernment—of miserable subjection to foreign tyrants and native despots—have developed in the Italians many vices which it may take several years of better rule, and of the self-respect which results from freedom, to eradicate. Their tendency to sectional jealousy, in itself the efficient cause of all their misfortunes, has not yet entirely disappeared; and the poverty of a large part of the country, caused by the rapacity, selfishness, and ignorance of soulless and brainless rulers, who did not care to develop the splendid resources of the land, as long as they could wring as much money as they wanted out of the pockets of their subjects, has no doubt begotten a race of adventurers, who, educated in the tricks of charlatany, are unconscious of even a desire to live more decently. But it is impossible to contemplate the events of the last few years without perceiving that the Italians have evinced some of the noblest qualities out of which great nations are made—courage, devotion, persistency, generalship, statesmanship, and (considering the impulsive character of the people, and the stimulus of the climate) a truly wonderful power of self-control even in the very crises of revolution. In short, they are a race of men, having the virtues as well as the faults of men, and not simply (as Europe at one time supposed) a set of fiddlers, opera-singers, ballet-dancers, and modellers, born for the amusement of stronger, richer, and happier nations. The O'Dowd, however, is evidently no very great admirer of them; and, oddly enough, he caps his depreciation by comparing them to his own countrymen. "I can't help thinking," he writes, "there are no two people in Europe so much alike as the Italians and the Irish; and I ask myself, How is it that every one is so sanguine about the one, and so hopeless about the other? Why do we hear of the capacity and the intelligence of the former, and only of the latter what pertains to their ignorance and their sloth? Oh! unjust generation of men! have not my poor countrymen all the qualities you extol in these same Peninsulars, plus a few others not to be disparaged?" Surely the O'Dowd is here assuming a little too much. Without wishing to undervalue the genius and good characteristics of our Irish fellow-countrymen, we cannot place Ireland on the same footing with a land which, for some

* Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women and other Things in General. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

three thousand years, whether in one way or another, whether for evil or for good, whether in prosperity or in degradation, has always exercised an important influence on the fortunes and the character of the civilized world. We have not yet seen any Irish Rome, or Venice, or Florence, or Genoa; nor have the Irish yet produced a Raphael or a Dante, a Julius Cæsar or a Napoleon Buonaparte. Some points of resemblance between the two races there may be; but the dissimilarity is much more marked, and is shown in nothing more strongly than in the fact that, notwithstanding repeated subjection by foreign Powers, and grievous disunion, Italy has always remained a distinct nation, with a separate and inextinguishable character which is now again asserting itself powerfully in the eyes of Europe; whereas ever since the conquest of Henry II. the life of Ireland has been provincial, and the people are, with each succeeding generation, becoming more and more merged in the common nationality of Britain.

The O'Dowd gives some interesting particulars of the Italian fleet now in course of construction, almost entirely in England, France, and America, and of the great preparations which are being made for converting the bay of Spezia into the most magnificent harbour in Europe—"a harbour," as an ardent Italian patriot told the author, "that could hold Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and Brest, and Cherbourg, and yet have room for our Italian fleet, which in two years' time will be one of the first in Europe." The writer went to Spezia in rather a sceptical frame of mind, but found that the harbour really is all that his informant said. "It would contain," says the O'Dowd, "all the harbours of France and England, and have room for all the fleets of Europe besides. About seven miles in depth, and varying in width from two to three-and-a-half, it is fissured on every side by beautiful little bays, with deep-water everywhere, and not a sunk rock, or shoal, or a bar, throughout the whole extent." Even to seaward, it is well protected by the long coast-line of Tuscany, and ships may ride there with the most perfect safety. A vast arsenal and naval depôt are now being made in this favoured spot; but their construction has (alas!) destroyed the beautiful scenery on the shores of the Gulf. The locality is peculiarly interesting to Englishmen of literary culture, as having been the last dwelling-place of the poet Shelley, who was wrecked in returning to his wild and solitary house from a visit to Pisa—a fact of which our author does not seem to be aware. On the subject of this project of the Italian Government, we read:—

"The first idea of making a great arsenal and naval depôt of Spezia came from the Great Emperor. It is said that he was not more than one day there, but in that time he planned the fort which bears his name, and showed how the port could be rendered all but impregnable. Cavour took up the notion, and pursued it with all his wonted energy and activity during the last three or four years of his life. He carried through the Chamber his project, and obtained a vote for upwards of two millions sterling; but his death, which occurred soon after, was a serious blow to the undertaking; and, like most of the political legacies of the great statesman, the arsenal of Spezia fell into the hands of weak executors.

"The first great blunder committed was to accord the chief contract to a bubble company, who sold it, to be again resold; so that it is said something like fifteen changes of proprietary occurred before the first spadeful of earth was turned. The inordinate jealousy Italians have of foreigners, and their fear lest they should 'utilise' Italy, and carry away all her wealth with them, has been the source of innumerable mistakes. From this, and their own ignorance of marine engineering, Spezia has already, without the slightest evidence of a commencement, swallowed up above eight millions of francs—the only palpable results being the disfigurement of a very beautiful road, and the bankruptcy of some half-dozen contractors.

"There is nothing of which one hears more than of the readiness and facility with which an Italian learns a new art or a new trade, adapts himself to the use of new tools, and acquires a dexterity in the management of new machinery. Every newly-come English engineer was struck with this, and expressed freely his anticipations of what so gifted a people might become. After a while, however, if questioned, he would confess himself disappointed—that after the first extraordinary show of intelligence no progress was made—that they seemed marvellous in the initiative, but did nothing after. They speedily grew weary of whatever they could do or say, no matter in what fashion, and impatiently desired to try something new. The John Bull contentedness to attain perfection in some one branch, and never ask to go beyond it, was a sentiment they could not understand. Every one, in fact, would have liked to do everything, and, as a consequence, do it exceedingly ill."

If this be a just charge against the Italians as a race, it is of course a serious one; but even in that case it may pass away with the responsibilities of national existence.

Of the Austrian discomfiture at Solferino, the O'Dowd tells a very striking anecdote:—

"On the day of the battle of Solferino, the Austrian Envoy at Rome dined with the Cardinal Antonelli. It was a very joyous little dinner, each in the highest spirits—satisfied with the present, and full of hope for the future. The telegram which arrived at mid-day told that the troops were in motion, and that the artillery fire had already opened. The position was a noble one—the army full of spirit, and all confident that before the sun should set the tide of victory would have turned, and the white legions of the Danube be in hot pursuit of their flying enemy. Indeed, the Envoy came to dinner fortified with a mass of letters from men high in command, all of which assumed as indisputable that the French must be beaten. Of the Italians they never spoke at all.

"As the two friends sat over the dessert, they discussed what at that precise moment might be going on over the battle-field. Was the conflict still continuing? Had the French reserves been brought up? Had they, too, been thrown back, beaten and disordered? and where was the fourth corps under the Prince Napoleon? They were forty thousand strong—could they have arrived in time from the Po? All these casualties, and many others, did they talk over, but never once launching a doubt as to the issue, or ever dreaming that the day was not to reverse all the late past, and bring back the Austrians in triumph to Milan.

"As they sat, the Prefect of Police was announced and introduced. He came with the list of the persons who were to be arrested and sent to prison—they were one hundred and eighteen, some of them among the first families of Rome—so soon as certain tidings of the victory arrived, and the game of reaction might be safe to begin.

"'No news yet, Signor Prefetto! come back at ten,' said the Cardinal.

"At ten he presented himself once more. The Cardinal and his friend were taking coffee, but less joyous, it seemed, than before. At least they looked anxious for news, and started at every noise in the street that might announce new-come tidings. 'We have heard nothing since you were here,' said the Cardinal. 'His Excellency thinks that at a moment of immense exigency, they may not have immediately bethought them of sending off a despatch.'

"'There can be no doubt what the news will be when it comes,' said the Envoy, 'and I'd say, make the arrests at once.'

"'I don't know; I'm not sure. I think I'd rather counsel a little more patience,' said the Cardinal. 'What, if you were to come back at, let us say, midnight?' The Prefect bowed, and withdrew.

"At midnight it was the same scene, only that the actors were more agitated; the Envoy, at least, worked up to a degree of impatience that bordered on fever; for while he persisted in declaring that the result was certain, he continued to censure, in very severe terms, the culpable carelessness of those charged with the transmission of news. 'Ah!' cried he, 'there it comes at last!' and a loud summons at the bell resounded through the house.

"'A telegram, Eminence,' said the servant, entering with the despatch. The Envoy tore it open: there were but two words,—'*Sanglante déroute.*'

"The Cardinal took the paper from the hands of the overwhelmed and panic-struck minister, and read it. He stood for a few seconds gazing on the words, not a line or lineament in his face betraying the slightest emotion; then, turning to the Envoy, he said, 'Bon soir; allons dormir;' and moved away with his usual quick little step, and retired."

From a paper on "Italian Traits and Characteristics," we select a few points, interesting as being the testimony of one who has seen the people in their own land, and has had abundant opportunities of observing and estimating them. But we would remark, with regard to the impulsiveness here charged against the Italians as a fault, that it is a part of their strength, as much as one of their weaknesses—a manifestation of that force and energy of nature which has secured ere now the dominion of the world, and which is again rearing up a Power in Europe. Our author remarks:—

"I have been told that Cavour once said, that no great change would be accomplished in Italy till the Italians introduced the public-school system of England. . . .

"With a Peninsular Eton or Rugby at work, who is to say what might not come of a people whose intellectual qualities are unquestionably so great? The system which imparts to boys the honourable sense of responsibility, the high value of truthfulness, the scorn of all that is mean,—this is what is wanting here. Let the Italian start in life with these, and it would not be easy to set limits to what his country may become in greatness.

"I have never heard of a people with so little self-control; and their crimes are, in a large majority of cases, the results of some passionate impulse rather than of a matured determination to do wrong. It is by no means uncommon to find that your butler or your coachman has taken to his bed ill of a *rabbia*, as they call it—a fit of passion, in plain words, brought on by a reproof he has considered unjust. This same *rabbia* is occasionally a serious affair. Some short time ago, an actor, who was hissed off the stage at Turin, went home and died of it; and within a very few weeks a case occurred in Florence which would be laughable if it had not terminated so tragically. One of the new guardians of the public safety, habited in a strange travestie of an English police-costume, was followed through the streets by a crowd of boys, who mocked and jeered him on his dress. Seeing that he resented their remarks with temper, they only became more aggressive, and at last went so far as to pursue him through the city with yells and cries. The man, overcome with passion, got *rabbia*, and died. Ridicule is the one thing no Italian can bear. When you lose temper with an Italian, and give way to any show of violence before him, he is triumphant; his cheek glows, his eye brightens, his chest expands, he sees he has you at a disadvantage, and regards you as one who in a moment of passion has thrown his cards on the table and exposed his hand. After this it is next to impossible to regain your position before him. If you be calm, however, and if, besides being calm, you can be sarcastic, he is overcome at once.

"It is a rare thing—one of the rarest—to see this weapon employed in the debates; but when it does occur, it is ever successful. The fact is, that wit, which forms the subtlety of other nations, is not subtle enough for the Italian; and the edge that cuts so cleanly elsewhere makes a jagged wound with them."

On many other subjects besides Italy, the O'Dowd discourses with an easy flippancy which is pleasing, if not always entirely satisfactory. His book is far from remarkable; yet it may be read at odd intervals of time with languid amusement, and some occasional profit.

NEW NOVELS.*

ALTHOUGH we have much to find fault with in "Black Moss," we must say that it is by no means an ill-written novel. Some of the incidents are well chosen, and all are very effectively arranged. The two volumes contain little that may be called original, with some book-making, such as the antecedents and peculiarities of a certain statesman (unsparingly introduced), and a great deal of that stuff, borrowed from the old sentimental novels, which we see again and again reproduced. The original portions of the book deal largely with the improbable. A wicked country undertaker is at the bottom of a great deal of mischief. He lives upon the borders of the Black Tarn, a sheet of water covering a Cumberland valley. He calls himself Gideon Cuyp, and expresses himself in very unreadable provincialisms. He has a miser's love of money, coupled with an easy disregard as to the means of obtaining it. The Black Tarn is too healthy a locality to admit of much success in coffin-making, but means soon suggest themselves to Gideon Cuyp whereby he materially enlarges his business. Mr. Cuyp lives near a churchyard, close to which flows the stream supplying the neighbourhood with water. A drain running through the churchyard is by Mr. Cuyp directed into the stream, and a fever follows, so deadly as to satisfy the most exacting of undertakers. The source of the epidemic is discovered, and the sexton stops the drain. Gideon, however, on one of the following dark nights, undoes the sexton's work, and maintains the briskness of his trade. We thought at this point that Cuyp had been painted of a blackness sufficient for anything; but a still deeper dye seems to have been considered necessary. Some said, "The rats opened the drain." This was an unfortunate suggestion, for it introduces us to a description of how the undertaker stores a colony of rats in the churchyard, and how on a certain dark night (with all the elements favourable) he takes a capfull of them and drops them into the stream, that they may cut their way back into the churchyard, and again let out the means of destruction. Even now the undertaker is not bad enough. The infected clothes of the patients are directed to be burnt, and to Gideon Cuyp is entrusted that task. He retains them for presentation to obnoxious persons, or any whose funerals would be profitable. The vicar of the parish, a deserving man, of the muscular-Christian type, becomes hateful to Gideon. He is very nearly disposed of, through the means of a particularly hideous old coat. This he is requested to carry to an indigent patient, who, however, remembers the garment as an old foe (it had killed seven persons), and declines the gift. The end of the undertaker is not inconsistent with his life or the tale. He has buried his treasure in a grave which has just been opened. He searches for and counts the money, whilst a plan which he has arranged for the destruction of the vicar is taking effect. He has stopped the water-gates, that the Tarn may overflow and drown the obnoxious clergyman. The waters rise and flow into the churchyard, and there Gideon perishes, in the society of his rats, and with the gold scattered around him. Everybody else is made happy, the vicar becoming a dean. To readers unacquainted with what is daily passing in the higher circles of London society, "Black Moss" will have a peculiar value. It will convey a knowledge of polite life which no amount of personal experience could by possibility give.

"From Pillar to Post," although not quite so extravagant as "Black Moss," is very little better. It reminds us of that tone, which, evincing, as it does, either laxity of morals or a direct leaning towards the indelicate, has disfigured some of our later works of fiction, wherein subjects which, until recently, by a kind of tacit agreement, were left untouched, are now discussed with painful unreserve. The seven mothers of Belgravia (in supplying to the leading journal a recess subject) seem to have rendered fashionable this freedom, which, not long ago, the lowest class of periodical literature regarded as its own fee-simple, and in whose columns alone it was unsparingly used. We scarcely know whether we are to attribute the characters and incidents we find in "From Pillar to Post" to the author's desire of forming one of the few journeying upon the new path, or whether we are to assume that, with a not unbecoming or unnatural humility, he hesitated, in his search for readers, trusting to an ordinary narrative confined to certain bounds by the requirements of good taste and delicacy. From this point of view, we admit that the author appears to have exercised a wise discretion, and to possess good reason for his diffidence. Two of the principal characters in this novel are blessed with thoroughly stern parents. Although a generation divides the incidents, each begins life by running away from home—Guy Blacklock, because his father has removed a lady of inadequate worldly means, whom Guy had arranged to marry; Cyril Vavassour, because his father, objecting to poetry as a profession for his son, puts the young man's effusions behind the fire. Guy wanders the world over; Cyril goes to Whitechapel, and there forms the acquaintance of Miss Tiney Forde. She subsequently turns out to be the daughter of Guy Blacklock, and, at this time, is, and during the narrative continues to be, of that class we prefer to see omitted in works of fiction. The rest of the book (excepting some few chapters in which, through the mouth of Guy Blacklock, we are favoured with the author's views upon men, manners,

and money) is mainly devoted to love-making. We admit that the amatory conversations possess a certain originality. We do not remember having before read anything of the same description, and we selfishly hope that fortune may deal more favourably with us than to subject us to a similar infliction again. One of the incidents consists of the elopement of a young lady with a gentleman, not with a view to matrimony, but that by running off with one man she may obtain a declaration of love from another—Cyril Vavassour. Cyril, however, for his own better fortune and to our relief, becomes united to a very deserving young person, and brings the book to a conclusion.

Unlike the preceding two, and superior to either, is "St. Knighton's Keive." Two classes of persons, from motives essentially dissimilar, object to religious novels—those who think that the pages of a novel are scarcely the proper means for conveying religious instruction, and the general body of novel readers who, studying their own convenience and amusement, shrink from books promising largely of dullness and pedantry. A reader of the latter class will glance through the contents of "St. Knighton's Keive" with some fear and trembling and be in no way favourably predisposed. Such headings as "Mr. Trelawney's Flock," "A Chapter on Church Matters," and "A Clerical Dinner-party," promise little of the cheerful; nor does a hero who is a clergyman, and thus described, seem likely to be a pleasant companion through 300 pages:—"Tall, handsome, and good-looking, say about eight-and-twenty, very dark-complexioned, with fine eyes and hair, coal-black, who might have been taken for a Spaniard—he was so dark and grave." Nor is he improved by his often-expressed desire, because he has Cornish blood in his veins, "to be in the land of his fathers, and to hear the roar of the ocean once more dashing up against the cliffs;" nor by his disposition to tell certain hideous dreams with which he is favoured. Yet "St. Knighton's Keive" is a story that one may read with profit and satisfaction. Reginald Trelawney is a person to whom fortune had promised much. As heir to an old bachelor uncle, he had the prospect of succeeding at no distant date to Trelawney Castle and £6,000 a year. He was betrothed to Isabella Bartram, the daughter of a neighbouring county gentleman. Misfortunes soon come, however; Reginald's uncle marries a young widow, and the nephew adopts the Church as a profession. The property of Miss Bartram's father is heavily mortgaged to a wealthy *roué*, Sir Edward Arundel, who, by pecuniary pressure upon the father, succeeds in obtaining the hand of the young lady. An accidental meeting of the former lover arouses the jealousy of Sir Edward, and his subsequent discovery of a clandestine interview between them results in the infliction of the most dreadful tyranny upon poor Lady Arundel, and in her ultimate incarceration with a decent companion in a lonely cottage in Cornwall. There she is discovered shortly before the termination of the plot by her first love, Reginald Trelawney. The religious element in the book is small. Indeed, all that is not secular relates to Church discipline, and a few stray shots at the Dissenters; and, as both are dealt with in an honest, manly spirit, they are not only readable, but enjoyable. The characters are well delineated, although one would, perhaps, prefer to see Sir Edward Arundel in garments less villainously black. The descriptions of natural scenery are particularly spirited, and would render the book a pleasant companion to any rambler on the coast of Cornwall.

"Denis Donne" is a cleverly-written and an interesting novel, in spite of characters imperfectly imagined, and events of prime importance eminently improbable. The upper walks of social life, and the habits and manners of the refined classes, are those principally depicted, and with general fidelity. Denis Donne, the nominal hero of the work, is by no means the most important character in it. Indeed, as a rule, the influence and importance of the ladies introduced into the story much outweigh those of the gentlemen; and, among the latter, Lord Allondale, though somewhat weak and contemptible, yet withal improveable in *morale*, is more palpable to the mind's eye, and more really interesting, than the vacillating and purposeless "negative" who gives name to these volumes. The author seems not to have had a clear idea or intention as to which of her characters were to constitute her real hero and heroine; for, beside the very inefficient representative of the former before alluded to, she brings before us, in the latter capacity, a certain Stephanie, who, after being engaged through all the critical portion of the narrative to Denis, who is unfortunately killed, ultimately marries a man of very little account in the story previously. It is impossible to conceive a tale constructed on grounds more diametrically opposite to all correct principles of art. The reader's interest and sympathies, it is unnecessary to observe, should concentrate on one or two principal objects, if the story be even tolerably symmetrical; if of a less regular figure, the rival points of attraction should at least be settled and defined both in position and operation; not shifting and shadowy—a mode of proceeding which leaves the reader under the uncomfortable impression, at the conclusion of the story, that he has been less surprised than circumvented. The two really most considerable characters in the work are Lady Allondale and Mrs. Dora Donne; these are drawn with much feminine grace. They show themselves tacticians of the first order; and their hostile manoeuvres, carried on under the guise of friendship and the false pretences of mutual aid and encouragement, are elaborately and skilfully related. As the moral character of Dora declines, under the effects of her own unregulated propensities, to utter worthlessness, that of Lady Allondale, along with her husband's, proportionately improves, and we find ourselves at the close occupied with impressions far from disagreeable as to their future combined career.

* Black Moss. A Tale by a Tarn. By the Author of "Miriam May," and "Crispen Ken." Two vols. London: Bentley.

From Pillar to Post. A Novel. London: Tinsley, Brothers.

St. Knighton's Keive: a Cornish Tale. By the Rev. Talbot O'Donoghue, B.A., Vicar of Twickenham, Somerset, and Chaplain to the Marquis of Westmeath. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Denis Donne: a Novel. By A. Thomas, Author of "Sir Victor's Choice." Three vols. London: Tinsley, Brothers.

Mrs. Donne's adulation of bishops and curates produces, we are sorry to say, no good effect upon herself; but, when we last find and leave her in the midst of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, we cannot help thinking that a more suggestive and appropriate title to the volumes before us would have been "Dora Donne; or, the Pious Adulteress." The Bishop, though only a sketch, is drawn to the life; his secretary, the Rev. Mr. Brown, who eventually marries Stephanie, is a vapid and unattractive individual, whose previous engagement with another lady, of which a good deal is made at one time, breaks through, and serves no purpose whatever. In spite, however, of these blemishes, and others that might be named, "Denis Donne" is a very readable work.

GAMBLING AT BADEN.*

HORSE-RACING and cricket—perhaps our two most peculiarly English amusements—are now making considerable progress abroad, and are finding daily-increasing favour among our continental neighbours, varied, possibly, with some slight modifications, in accordance with the national tastes or idiosyncracies of the people among whom they are introduced, but still remaining the same in all essential details. Mr. Fitzgerald's little volume gives a description of the scenes on the turf and the dealings of the jockeys at Baden, together with a brief picture of Baden society, and the life and manners of the populace, but particularly of the debasing and immortal pastime of gaming. Although the subject is one that has often before been treated of in books, the present writer views it, as he asserts, in a totally different light to that in which it has hitherto been ordinarily regarded; or, to quote his own words, "the tone and local colouring—the dramatic effects and kaleidoscope patterns—have as yet, it seems to the writer, scarcely been caught." He adds that, within the last few years, life at Baden "has assumed a newer and more gorgeous complexion," which "almost justifies a fresh series of *cartes de visite*, and a new *artiste*." In speaking of the Baden races, and of the proceedings of the race-day at the town of Iffzheim, Mr. Fitzgerald remarks that the contrast between the Baden Derby and a respectable English race is most striking. Instead of stands, there are here erected handsome stone "tribunes," all more or less architectural; and these are crowded with fashionable company, consisting chiefly of the *cognoscenti* from Paris, who are patrons of the sport. A few blue-frocked members of the native population are also among the spectators, but they regard the proceedings with more astonishment than pleasure. "It is," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "like actors playing to a thin house." The racing itself was poor, or at least seemed so to our author, who describes the entire scene as one that wanted "blood, fire, heat, and general galvanism." The most curious feature in the race was perhaps the conclusion, when the winner came in neck-and-neck with his rival, amidst the deepest silence. The most attractive part of the whole day's sport to our author was the return home from the races of the various parties concerned, and the entry into the little city of Iffzheim of the gay and picturesque, though motley and noisy, procession. This was, to Mr. Fitzgerald, a most lively and exhilarating sight, worth all the rest of the day's proceedings put together, and he has given a very animated and amusing account of it in his book. Our author was greatly delighted with his first glimpse of Baden as he approached it by rail. These were his first impressions on entering the town:—

"This is the fairy town of Baden. We go on. Here are trees, and houses, and gay colours all mixed, and the way winds and twists with the ascent of the hills. Here is a little street perched above our heads on the side of the hill, and on the roofs of the houses. There are little houses above them, yet again; and further in front, out of a whole miscellany of toy houses, all as bright and gay as though they had been burnished that morning, rises the quaint, round, bossed, rusted spire of the church of the place. Surely never were such scenic little streets! Artists of the Grand Opera must have been down here from Paris, painted them on 'flats,' delicately, and set them up edgewise at corners, and with charming irregularity—so gay and sprightly, pale, buff-coloured, pink, and paler green, breaking into picturesque balconies, wherein ladies as gay sit and look down, and fluttering all over with cool yellow linen blinds standing out. Looking towards us, a bright file of windows rises above a little bridge below, and the sun catches the golden letters, 'Hotel de Russie.' To the right project other golden legends, at various signs, all sparkling, fresh, magnificent, with gardens, balconies, fountains. Not a particle of the grim, fatal, commercial air which hangs over hostleries at home."

The population of this gay and elegant little town is very mixed, including a large number of foreigners, particularly French and English, the latter being chiefly young travellers and adventurers, sons of noblemen and merchants, or rich speculators. In the fifth chapter of his work, "A Night at the Tables," Mr. Fitzgerald gives a full description of the proceedings at that horrible den of vice, corruption, and depravity, the gaming-house. This is, indeed, the main subject of the book. Of the company, amongst whom there are several women as well as men—the deep, but hideous, fascination of the game—the feverish excitement of the players—the numberless large sums in gold, silver, and notes, that are continually staked and thrown down, apparently in the most wild and reckless manner—the frequent demoniacal shouts and frantic cries

of the parties engaged—the savagely-triumphant exclamations of the winners—the diabolical curses and execrations of the losers—and, in the midst of all this bedlam-like noise and fury, the cold, calculating, and seemingly indifferent air with which the officials at these orgies, who are called "the Administration," quietly regard the whole scene—of all this Mr. Fitzgerald has given a most vivid and graphic account. He has described the horrible picture in very forcible, and sometimes very eloquent, language, although his narrative is, perhaps, rather too much drawn out. In such descriptions, brevity is generally desirable. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, assures us that there is not the least colouring in his description of the scene. Just as he describes it, so it happened. The following extract from the chapter on the "Night at the Gaming Tables" is all we can find room for:—

"There are a hundred little dramas like this being played all day long. There is at least one such for every three minutes of the day. Not of the flashy, effective pattern—the haggard gamester rushing from the room to be found in the wood weltering in his gore, and such-like, which are the recognised situations for the traditional stories—but little, quiet bits of domestic life, very characteristic. A volume might be filled with 'slides,' as it were, of this pattern. A hundred little histories told. Of the newly-married pair (the dressing-case cover still bright and unsoiled) who stray in fondly together, and drop a piece or two the first day for the 'fun of the thing,' who win, and who begin to relish the 'horribly wicked' place; who come there regularly in the evening after table d'hôte, and who win still (a little silver), and who actually dream of making all their bridal tour expenses; who begin to lose, not merely the few silver pieces gained, but some of the funds actually destined for the bridal expenses; who grow testy and snappish, *coram publico*, and tartly tax each other with this or that unlucky bit of play, and with a 'I told you there was no chance of the red, but you would,' &c. Of the little, trim, French, milliner-looking woman, in the broad-leaved straw hat, who flutters and hovers anxiously about that handsome boy-husband of hers, as before described, who is sitting with his head between his hand, and playing doggedly and defiantly, and losing, as of course. I hear her wistful inquiries, and his rough answer—for this play turns us all into rude bears. Who leaves the table hastily, goes over to her, seizes a gold chain, and drags it from her neck; hurries off with it, and returns with money. Of a hundred such little parlour dramas, which repeat themselves, and become, as of course, a part of the daily routine. A Parliamentary return of the agonies endured in those rooms would make a strange and fearful total. But the calm officials sit unmoved, and proceed with their work like machines."

It is no uncommon thing, after one of these night's proceedings, for a ruined gamester to commit suicide. He usually betakes himself quietly to some neighbouring wood, where he shoots himself. At every fresh annual meeting of gamblers, one is sure to hear of the suicide of last year. All kinds of false stories, or "legends," with respect to these places, are circulated by the people about foreigners, especially Englishmen. Baden is, nevertheless, a place of great fascination to tourists, and is the great resort of pleasure-seekers, whose numbers have, within a few years, increased from sixteen to sixty thousand, and will, it is estimated, soon reach a hundred thousand. It has likewise a peculiar charm for Frenchmen, to whom Baden is a perfect paradise.

THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS.*

ENGLISH tourists and holiday-makers who, during their days of relaxation from business, are desirous of novelty in the way of scenery and wonderful natural objects, and who either may not be able to spare time to go on the Continent, or may fear to incur the rather heavy expenses of travelling abroad, will find much both to astonish and delight them in their native isles, especially among the more northern parts of England and the wild and romantic regions of the Scotch Highlands. The Peak of Derbyshire, and the singular caverns with which the county abounds,—the grand mountain scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland, especially in that tract of country known as the Lake district, and many other parts of England,—present very striking and interesting features; while in Scotland there are Lochs Lomond and Katrine, the lofty Ben Nevis, and, above all, the Cairngorm range of mountains. Mr. John Hill Burton gives an agreeable account of several days' rambles which he had at different times amongst these bold and savage heights. After having travelled a good deal on the Continent, and seen much of the mountain scenery of France, Germany, and Switzerland, he made his first ascent of Ben Nevis on a bright hot day in the month of July. For some days previous, the weather had been very unpropitious, being both wet and foggy, and our traveller had secretly determined that he would not attempt to ascend the hill; but, as the day progressed, the clouds began gradually to disperse, and rolled themselves up the side of the mountains in such a manner that Mr. Burton, being an experienced wanderer among the hills, soon felt convinced that the weather would be gloriously fine; and a shrewd old Highlander, who happened to be passing by, having protested that the hill had never looked so hopeful the whole summer, our author was induced to forego his resolution, and, accordingly, he and a new-found friend, whom he had picked up on the road near Fort William, began the ascent. When he had reached the summit, which is said to be at an elevation of upwards of 4,000 feet above the

* "Le Sport" at Baden. A Picture of Watering-place Life and Manners. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., Author of the "Life of Laurence Sterne," and "Bella Donna." London: Chapman & Hall.

* The Cairngorm Mountains. By John Hill Burton, Author of "The Book-hunter," &c. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

level of the sea, Mr. Burton was not a little surprised at seeing a regiment of soldiers encamped on the table-land at the top of the hill. "Yes, there they were, British troops, with their red coats, dark grey trousers, and fatigue caps, as distinctly as I have ever seen them in Marshall's panoramas, or on the parade-ground of Edinburgh Castle!" Being wholly unable to assign any cause for this unexpected sight, Mr. Burton immediately entered into conversation with the soldiers, and found that they were a corps of sappers and miners belonging to the Ordnance Survey, who had already conducted a series of operations on the neighbouring mountain of Ben Muich Dhui, and were then engaged in taking such surveys of Ben Nevis as would enable them finally to settle the question as to which of these two mountains is the loftiest in Great Britain. The troops, who were an educated and intelligent set of men, very superior to the common soldier, were erecting a sort of dwelling for themselves on this elevated and lonely spot, half hut and half tent. The view which our traveller saw on all sides of him, both during his ascent of the mountain, and from its summit, appears to have been uncommonly grand, and even awful in some of its features. Fort William, he says, "looks like a collection of rabbit-houses," and the steam-boat on the lake resembles "a boy's Christmas toy." In one place near the top of the mountain, a huge fragment had been broken off, leaving a ghastly rent of a vast and unfathomable depth. The whole scene from this romantic height is very ably and vividly described, especially in the following passage:—

"The scene is one of solidity and firmness—as far removed from ideas of the shifting and the fugitive as anything in the crust of the earth can be—yet its variations are manifold as the changes of the restless elements. In which mood of the capricious skies may one expect the mountain-range to show itself to chief advantage? Shall it be at the dawn of a bright summer day, when the last clouds of the night have rolled themselves up to the hill-tops, and gone off into the blue sky like ships going to sea, leaving the bright sun to gaze on the glittering dew they have left upon the heather and the lichens, and to reveal to the eye every rock and crevice, and little inky lake and white patch of snow with dazzling distinctness? Shall it be on the eve of the same summer day, when the sun has gone behind the hills, and their purple outlines lie softened in the edge upon a field of blazing gold, and nothing is visible of crag or peak, or scar or torrent, but the whole looks warm, and soft, and still, as if the hills and the sky were made out of some material of the same texture—neither of them hard and rough, and neither of them untangible like the air? Or shall we take a tempestuous day, when black clouds are wandering and rummaging about in the scours and gulfs as if busy in the manufacture of storms, letting this black precipice appear terrible in all its height, closing it up again, or revealing half of its terrors, and enhancing them by mystery, while the ear is kept in awe by strange eldritch sounds—perhaps they are the mutterings of thunder, perhaps flighty, impulsive gusts of wind, but altogether blowing as if the spirits of the air were whispering to each other about their stormy labours?"

Mr. Burton was likewise impressed, though in a different manner, with Loch Avon, at the foot of the Cairngorm range, which he compares to the Alpine scenery of Switzerland. Here are his opinions of the scene:—

"Loch Avon is like a fragment of the Alps imported and set down in Scotland. One's recollections of it invariably become intertwined and confused with the features of the scenery of the upper passes. An Alpine devotee—for the passes and the glaciers are coming to be among our objects of secular worship—might console himself here, and in a few other recesses of the Cairngorm range, by recalling the impression of the distant objects of his worship. If he chose to come to the Cairngorms in winter, indeed, he might realise all the dangers, excitements, and phenomena of any of the great Alpine feats of which we now hear so much. It would be a far better realisation of their great object in life than the devotees of skating and curling accomplish when they try to imitate these pursuits in summer by means of mechanical contrivances. Perhaps among the most enthusiastic of the Alpenstockers there are some who get a little tired of snow and precipices and glaciers, but who, after a long absence from them, might find at Loch Avon a refreshing reminder of their favourites. I remember an old Indian who used to frequent the palm-houses in a botanical garden for the sake of the 'auld lang syne' of Eastern reminiscences which their contents excited. He admitted that he had had rather too much of the same sort of thing at Arcot, yet the reminiscence pleased him."

In the year 1829, this district was visited by a terrible flood in consequence of the overflowing of the river Dee, which caused immense disasters, involving considerable destruction of life and property, and resembling the frightful inundation which occurred at Sheffield last March. A description of this fearful calamity is quoted by Mr. Burton from a little book called "The Deeside Guide," by James Brown, which, although in parts a little strained and prolix in point of style, is not without value. Nearly half of Mr. Burton's work is devoted to his opinions respecting guides, anecdotes of eminent literary men who have been travellers or wanderers (including Charles Lamb, Talfourd, De Quincey, and others), and advice to tourists as to provisions, clothing, &c. The present writer is very severe—we think unnecessarily so—in his attacks upon guides and guide-books, regarding the former as a species of tyrannical despotism, and the latter as a piece of impertinent dictatorship. He asserts that "the qualities, instincts, or capacities which take the mind through fresh fields in literature will make their owner an independent rover over nature." Mr. Burton, indeed, is altogether very bitter in his invectives against this class of the community, and it would seem as though he owed

them an ancient grudge. Still, though he considers submission to a guide in the ascent of a mountain, or any similar excursion, as a species of the most abject slavery, he acknowledges that in some places they are, like a pilot in a dangerous sea, absolutely indispensable. We think that Mr. Burton has given a great deal too much space to the discussion of guides and guide-books. However, on the whole, we are pleased with his little volume, which we daresay will prove useful as a companion to tourists in Scotland, and amusing to stay-at-home readers, who are unable to visit the scenes and places here described.

MODERN FARMING.*

FARMING has of late years become so much a science that treatises for the guidance of the practical agriculturist are every day more and more a necessity. In old times, and even in times not very far distant, the farmer could afford to let things go on much as they had done in the days of the Heptarchy. He tore up the earth with the rudest of ploughs; he manured his lands with the product of his own stables and cowsheds; he scattered his seed at the appointed seasons; and he awaited the result—certain, even if it should be unfavourable, of no great loss, and sometimes even of great gains out of his very disasters, owing to the protection from external competition which the Legislature had granted him. All that is changed now. The farmer of the nineteenth century is a manufacturer, forced to come into collision with the manufacturers of other lands, and therefore put on his mettle. What with steam-ploughs and threshing machines—with new theories as to the chemistry of the earth—with new species of manure—with top-dressing, and sub-soiling, and surface-draining—with rotation of crops, and improvement of breeds, and all the other mysteries that are so scientifically studied and practised at Tiptree Hall—the modern agriculturist is called upon to be rather a learned gentleman; and there can be no question that a thoroughly good farmer should be a man of more than average mental powers, and of considerable special knowledge. To aid the diffusion of that knowledge, several works have recently been written by men who have given their lives to the study of the science; and we have now before us the third volume of Mr. Robert Scott Burn's "Rudimentary Treatise for Students of Agriculture." The book does not pretend to be more than elementary; but in a brief compass it gives an account of the varieties of breed in the several animals described, of the different modes of feeding and rearing them, of stock management, and of other matters relative to the proper mode of dealing with cattle. Graziers, and agriculturists generally, will be better able than ourselves to judge the precise value attaching to Mr. Burn's directions; but they seem to our inexperienced minds to be characterized by good sense and good feeling, the result of intelligence and of practical knowledge. The author protests against "the rage which has now long existed for over-feeding and fattening," which has tended to develop "a peculiar and an unnatural conformation," and which in the case of the bull diminishes the reproductive powers, and of course renders the animal so much the less valuable. On the subject of what is called the "roughing" or "hardening" process with sheep and cattle—that is to say, the system of turning them out-of-doors even in mid-winter, and leaving them to pick up such food as they can find, often very inadequate in quantity, as well as poor in quality—Mr. Burn is equally emphatic. Repeating a passage which he formerly wrote in his "Lessons of my Farm," he severely condemns the cruelty of this practice, as well as its senselessness on purely business grounds. He says he knows of a case in which a few young cattle were actually starved to death, owing to having been left for weeks without shelter, at a time when, for many days, the scanty herbage was covered with frost-bound snow. The source of this sad blunder was perhaps not so much inhumanity as stupidity and ignorance. There are those who praise the system for its "utility;" just as there are parents who think they strengthen the constitution of their children by bringing them up with Spartan austerity on coarse and meagre food, with undue exposure to the elements. Nothing can more palpably demonstrate the want of common rudimentary information on the part of many agriculturists than this short-sighted and (in effect) cruel system of "roughing." Mr. Burn quotes against it the words of one whom he describes (without mentioning his name) as "the very highest authority in cattle-breeding and rearing," and who says:—"The system of roughing has the effect of weakening the constitution; and this system pursued towards the young stock for two or three generations will ruin the best breed of cattle in the country. The offspring, after this time, will have lost all the quality, early maturity, and propensity to fatten, of their ancestors, and it will require years of the greatest care to recover what is thus lost." On the other hand, obesity should be avoided, and Mr. Burn gives ample directions, drawn from his own experience, and fortified by the remarks of acknowledged authorities, for the keeping of live stock in a healthy state of natural fatness and proportion. He objects, by the way, and very properly, to the vague, inexact phraseology employed by some feeders when they speak of "baskets" or "half-baskets" of turnips, or of an "armful" of hay, or "a little" hay. We observe, however, that Mr. Burn himself sometimes uses these ambiguous terms.

* Outlines of Modern Farming. By Robert Scott Burn. Vol. III. Stock—Cattle, Sheep, and Horses. With Illustrations. London: Virtue, Brothers.

On the vexed question of the relative merits of "cross-breeding" and "breeding in-and-in," our author collates the various authorities, so as to give the reader an opportunity of forming his own judgment from the facts presented him. The same subject is again discussed in connection with sheep, to which animal a division of the work is devoted. The concluding section, which is the smallest of the three, treats of horses, their breeding, feeding, and general management. Although Mr. Burn's work is necessarily more interesting to the farmer, grazier, and country gentleman, than to the town reader, there are things in it which might arrest the attention of any thoughtful mind. On the general question of the feeding of cattle, we extract a noteworthy passage:—

"The way in which food is prepared for the animal is a point of considerable importance in connection with the best modes of economically feeding cattle, and has received of late a most extended discussion. For a long time, and until indeed very recently, the only mode ever thought of by cattle feeders of administering food, was simply giving it them in its natural condition. Straw, hay, and roots in bulk were thrown down to them, and they were allowed to make the most and best of them as they could. In process of time it was suggested by some advanced thinker that by dividing the materials (cutting the straw or hay into short lengths, and slicing the roots into pieces), the process of assimilation by the animals would be materially hastened. The next step in the process of assisting assimilation was the cooking of food; and so far as the preparation of the roots was concerned, a further division of their bulk was introduced, and in place of contenting themselves with slicing or separating them into comparatively large pieces, a thorough comminution was carried out by some feeders, and pulping roots became then a largely developed practice. On these points then—the cooking of food and the pulping of roots—many experiments have been made, and the results of these, and of a less precise but a most extended practice, have been made known; and the result is greatly in favour of both of these plans of preparing food. The advantages of cooking food may be summed up briefly by stating that it enables it to be more quickly digested by the animal, saving much mastication. . . . The advantages obtained by pulping roots may also be briefly stated here:—reducing the quantity of food consumed, as no waste is allowed; ordinary straw can be used with the roots; and all danger of the cattle choking is avoided."

"Much has been said lately of the advantages afforded by allowing mixed food, as cut straw or hay, and pulped roots, to ferment and become soured. There is no doubt whatever that many animals are greedily fond of fermented or soured food. We have not, however, much direct evidence to fall back upon as to the real merits of fermented food. Mr. Duckham, of Baysham Court, Herefordshire, speaks very favourably of it. The most mouldy hay, cut into short lengths and mixed with pulped roots, becomes, after fermentation sets in, most sweet and palatable. When pulped roots are mixed with straw they soften it and render it more easily assimilated. The use of salt in food has been long recognised as of immense value to the feeder; but somehow or other, strange to say, it has been greatly neglected in general practice. 'The Salt Chamber of Commerce of Northwich' has done good service by publishing two prize reports on the use of salt in agriculture; from the first of which, that by Mr. Robert Falk, we extract the following, bearing on the subject now under discussion:—

"There is no question that many diseases our horses, cattle, and sheep are liable to, would be prevented by free access to salt, and where it has been given regularly the beneficial effects have soon shown themselves. In the cellular tissues of the body, in which the flesh and fat is formed, as well as in the albumen, there is also constantly salt present in large quantities, showing its necessity for the production of both meat and fat in animals. The salt acts as a digester, by increasing the saliva, and the animals drinking water with it freely (perhaps one-third more), this additional water helps very much to dissolve and assimilate those parts of the food which would otherwise pass off undigested, and carries off the noxious humours which show themselves in skin diseases. . . . There is hardly a well-managed estate now in Germany where a small quantity of salt is not added to the food of cattle or sheep, or where they are not allowed to lick lumps of salt as their instincts tell them; and in most of the states of Germany a reduced price has lately been fixed by Government for what salt is consumed by animals. In France also, the Government was so alive to the importance of the subject, that, not many years ago, they issued a commission of practical and scientific people to investigate the whole subject, and their report speaks in the strongest terms as to the necessity of giving salt to animals with their food."

The work is illustrated by several woodcuts, which are at once useful and agreeable to the eye.

TWO FRENCH DRAMAS.*

THE Count de Liancourt's little work is written for the purpose, firstly, of showing the amiable and beneficial effects of kindness and piety in reclaiming the idle, criminal, and vicious portion of the population of great cities from their evil ways to honesty and industry; and, secondly, of supplying to schools and similar institutions a species of drama suitable to representation by pupils of a sufficiently advanced age. Both of these objects the author, we think, may be congratulated on having attained. The *dramatis personæ* comprise, beside various rogues and vagabonds, the Emperor and Empress, and the benevolent Abbé Dubois—a truly

* La Charité. Drame, en Deux Actes. Par le Comte de Liancourt, M.A. London: D. Nutt.
Rienzi. Drame, en Cinq Actes et en Vers. Par M. Théodore Karcher. Same Publisher.

pleasing and admirable character. The scene is, of course, laid in the French metropolis. The work is written in a style sufficiently idiomatic to render it useful as a composition, and this was another of the author's aims to those students of the French language who are desirous of fully mastering the difficulties of conversational expression.

In his drama on the subject of "Rienzi," M. Karcher, Professor at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, has embodied the final scenes of the life of the great Tribune, "Rienzi, Last of the Romans." Animated by consideration of the events of which Italy has recently been the field, the author has been desirous of giving permanent expression to those aspirations for liberty for which he finds a justification in the character and career of the hero whom he celebrates; in the warm admiration also evinced for the same popular idol in the brilliant romance of Sir E. B. Lytton; and in the well-known sentiments of M. Victor Hugo, to whom, as to "a tribune in exile," the drama is, in some elegant complimentary verses, not inappropriately dedicated. The work shows complete and ingenious mastery over dramatic difficulties, well-contrasted characters, elevated and pertinent reflections, effective declamation, and a fatal climax prepared with becoming dignity and pathos.

THE SCIENTIFIC MONTHLIES.

THE present and second number of *The Geological Magazine* promises well, and is a decided improvement upon the first. It opens with a paper, of a useful though not very interesting nature, by Mr. Woodward, upon the Bridlington Crag. This is followed by a communication from Mr. Parker on the zoological relations of the *Archæopteryx*, that strange fossil of the Lithographic Slate. It will be in the memory of most of our readers that the *Archæopteryx*, or *gryphosaurus*, created a good deal of controversy when first discovered. Some alleged that it was a reptile, others that it was a bird, and those of a Darwinian turn were quite prepared to swear by its "connecting-link" nature. Professor Owen's memoir decided the question, by demonstrating the ornithological relations of the specimen; and those who examine the fossil lying in the British Museum cannot fail to perceive the accuracy of the Professor's conclusion. In the paper we refer to now, by Mr. Parker, Professor Owen's opinions are fully corroborated, and the writer has brought some weighty evidence to bear upon the question. Alluding to the large number of vertebræ, of tail vertebræ (21), which this creature possesses, he observes:—"If, however, we examine the ploughshare bone of a recently hatched duckling, we shall find that it is composed of ten segments; and then, counting the fifth post-femoral as the first tail-bone, we get twenty-two as really belonging to that category. Following the same plan in other birds, especially among the *Aves præcoces*, we shall, in many cases, get an equal result—as many as twenty-four in the swan, which when young has at least sixty-five vertebræ in all. . . . It is highly interesting to see how little Nature has gone out of her way, after all, in the construction of this unlooked-for bird." Mr. Day's article on *Acrodus* is a very important one, and is illustrated by two very excellent page plates. The reviews and correspondence are of the usual character.

The Intellectual Observer gives us some very interesting and instructive reading. The first article is written by a young but distinguished Irish naturalist, and is devoted to the subject of "Sea Lilies," a race of Echinoderms, which is all but extinct. Those who are familiar with the Silurian and Carboniferous limestone fossils are aware how abundant both species and individuals of crinoids were in former epochs of the world's history. To-day we find but few living examples of the group. The writer having described the beautiful specimen of *Pentacrinus caput-medusæ*, which is to be seen in the northern zoological gallery of the British Museum, proceeds to show the anatomical relations of this species to both fossil and recent members of the order. This he does with great success, and in a style of which not many anatomists are masters. The paper concludes with a rap at the Darwinian theory, which has been badly handled. Indeed, it seems like an adverse argument advanced by a partisan of the hypothesis. To say that because the ancient crinoids were stalked there was little or no means of distribution, is hardly correct. We hope to see Professor Thomson give the subject a little more consideration. Mr. Ansted's paper on the "Missing Chapters of Geological History" is one of the best we have seen from his pen for some time. It relates to the enormous gaps of time which have intervened between the deposition of the various formations, and is in great part an embodiment of the views lately expressed by Professor Ramsay. Speaking of the lost deposits, he observes, in conclusion, "Some chapters we know we do thus replace; but we know that they also are imperfect. Gaps and breaks occur everywhere; and the geological record will be sadly torn and imperfect, even when all has been done that can be done to restore the missing portions." The paper on "Aids to Microscopic Inquiry" is most philosophically written, and that on the "Colour of Stars" is highly instructive.

The Journal of Botany has profited by our suggestion, and contains an opening article of much anatomical interest on the subject of "The structure of *Hildenbrandtia fluvialis*." This alga, a beautifully coloured illustration of which accompanies the paper, was found growing over flints at a place called Tidwell, about a mile from Budleigh-Salterton. From a minute microscopic examination of the cells which compose the thalloid expansion of this plant, the writer (Mr. Carter) concludes—with some reserve—that certain columnar structures which he has observed represent the antheridia, and that the female spores exist in the group of cells at the bottom of the conceptacle. There is a short notice of a new Irish orchid, which was lately discovered by Miss More, the sister of the celebrated botanist; and this, with a valuable contribution from Mr. Smith on the fertilization of the bryony, and a paper of the Editor's (Dr. Seeman) on "A

Revision of the Natural Order Hederaceæ," concludes a good number of this periodical.

In the *Fisherman's Magazine* we find the usual amount and quality of matter. The papers on pike-fishing are continued, and in them we find all that relates to the subject lightly yet learnedly discussed, and Mr. Blakey is ridiculed for stating that he prefers the hair line for "trolling," the writer observing that "the bare material for a trolling-line of genuine horse-hair would cost from 25s. to 30s." "Notes on Fly-fishing in Scotland" are good, but by far the most generally interesting and pleasingly written paper is that by Mr. W. B. Lord, on "Sea-side Fishing," in which a great deal of general information useful to the sea-side fisher may be found. The notes and queries constitute a useful portion of this monthly.

The *Artizan* contains some important papers, and among the number one—which should interest all readers—on the subject of "Die-engraving, sinking, and multiplying." This is written by Mr. J. Newton, of the Royal Mint, and is not only of a mechanical but a historical character.

SHORT NOTICES.

An English Grammar, Specially Intended for Classical Schools and Private Students. By Edward Higginson (Longman and Co.).—The experience of thirty years of tuition is embodied by Mr. Higginson in his present volume on English grammar. He says that he has found all the grammars consulted by him during that period at once superfluous and incomplete, besides containing a great deal which he regards as unsound. He modestly anticipates that other teachers may find similar faults in his own work, but at the same time hopes that he has made an advance which more competent writers may carry further. His book is not intended for beginners, but for more mature pupils, who have already acquired the elements of grammar, and especially for those who are also learning foreign languages. The writer's design is not so much that his rules and directions shall be learnt by rote, as that they shall stimulate the pupil's own powers of thought and reasoning. We think his work well calculated to do this. It is clearly and agreeably written, with more literary feeling, and greater richness of illustration, than are usually observable in school grammars. The "Chapter on Shall and Will" contains an excellent account of the real distinction between those two little words, which, as the author says, are frequently misplaced by Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen (he might have added, by Americans also), and for the correct use of which few Englishmen could give a reason. We wish that Mr. Higginson had not in his preface resorted to a piece of school-room slang, as if it were a correct expression. He says that a boy, when answering his teacher's questions in words of his own, does what is more satisfactory "than if he were to parrot the very words of the book." The italics are our own. Mr. Higginson uses the word "parrot" as a verb, as if it were universally so recognised.

A Romanized Hindústání and English Dictionary. Compiled by Nathaniel Brice. A New Edition, revised and enlarged (Trübner & Co.).—By a "Romanized" Dictionary of Hindústání is meant a dictionary wherein the words in that Oriental tongue are printed in Roman characters. A considerable number of books have recently been printed in India in that way; but, previous to the present, only one vocabulary had been so produced. There can be no doubt that the advantage to European students of so printing the languages of the East is very great, and we do not wonder at the success of Mr. Brice's volume. The author states that in the compass of 346 duodecimo pages he has been able to introduce upwards of 20,000 Hindústání words, with their renderings in English, which, in the native type, would probably have occupied four times the space.

Voices of Sacred Song for Quiet Hours. From One Hundred Authors. Edited and arranged by William Frampton Cussell (Nisbet & Co.).—We have here a collection of sacred poetry from old and modern authors, including many living poets. Of course in a volume wherein we range from Shakespeare and Milton to Watts and Stebbing, the degree of merit must be various; but the book contains a large proportion of solid worth and beauty.

Our Common Insects. First Steps to Entomology. By Mrs. E. W. Cox (Hardwicke).—In a small volume, written in a style specially adapted for the unsentimental, and prettily illustrated with many woodcuts, Mrs. Cox gives a brief account of the various kinds of insects by which we are surrounded in our houses and in the fields and woods, or which people the air and water with wondrous forms of life and activity. The book is excellently fitted for presentation to young people.

The English and Australian Cookery Book. Cookery for the Many, as well as for the "Upper Ten Thousand." By an Australian Aristologist (Sampson Low & Co.).—We do not keep an epicure on our staff, nor a scientific cook, and will therefore not pretend to criticise this elaborate work, in which the English and Colonial modes of cooking are set forth with much solemnity and many preliminary and intermediate flourishes. The writer evidently aims at being literary as well as gastronomic, and seasons his recipes with anecdotes and quotations, in prose and verse, illustrative of dinners, diners, and dining. Much of this is very amusing; but we have a doubt whether careful hostesses may not find it in the way, and hurried cooks denounce it as "aggravating." To the gourmand, however, it will be welcome—a very vision of prospective feasts, touched with tender reminiscences of the past.

Law the Limit of Opinion; or, the Duties of Toleration. By J. G. Gifford, Preacher of St. James's, Piccadilly, &c. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.).—The object of this pamphlet is sufficiently declared by its title. The author argues for the right of the State to place limits to the privilege of discussion when it impugns the authority and inspiration of the Bible. His remarks, of course, have reference to the recent controversies in the religious world, and to the judgment of the Privy

Council in the case of "Essays and Reviews." Those who are interested in the important questions involved may like to acquaint themselves with Mr. Gifford's views.

Notes on Beauty, Vigour, and Development. By "Milo" (H. J. Tresidder).—The writer undertakes, in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, to teach us "how to acquire plumpness of form, solidity of muscle, strength of limb, and clearness and beauty of complexion." These desirable results are to be effected by "a course of exercise, diet, and bathing," with the use of the dumb-bells and chest-expander, for which a series of improved exercises are given. The means are certainly not novel, but they are in accordance with sense and with natural laws, and that is the greatest recommendation.

We have received *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and of the Museum of Practical Geology; Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for the Year 1863; with an Appendix*, by Robert Hunt, F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records (Longmans and Stanford);—two Papers on *Railway Accidents*, by James Brunless, M. Inst. C.E., and Captain Douglas Galton, R.E., F.R.S., Assoc. Inst. C.E., with an Abstract of the Discussion upon the Papers, edited by Charles Manby and Charles Forrest, of the Institute of Civil Engineers (Clowes & Sons);—Seven Papers on *The Band of Hope Movement*, read at the Annual Conference of the Union at Exeter Hall, on the 18th of May (published by the Union);—and *Mr. Gladstone, the Times, and Democracy*, by "Vindex" (Ridgway)—a defence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's famous Reform speech, and an assertion of the right of the working man to the suffrage.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, the chief proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and father of Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., died on the 10th instant at Alice Holt, near Farnham, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He began life in the Navy Pay Office (to which the father of Charles Dickens also belonged); but his attachment to literature drew him into the journalistic circles, and about thirty years ago he purchased the *Athenæum*, which had languished ever since its establishment by Mr. Colburn, the publisher, in 1828; and, by reducing the price to fourpence, and giving a much better paper of the kind than had then been seen, he soon made it a flourishing property and an authority of no mean weight, completely superseding the *Literary Gazette*, which, from that time to its extinction, never recovered its former position. In the year 1846, Mr. Dilke attempted a similar policy with the *Daily News*, then recently established, the price of which he reduced to twopence-halfpenny—in effect, three-halfpence, the penny stamp being at that time compulsory; but the project was premature, and the paper after awhile was obliged to go up again to the orthodox fivepence. Mr. Dilke subsequently retired from the *Daily News*, and the editorship of the *Athenæum*, which he retained in his own hands for some years, he subsequently resigned to others. He continued, however, to supply his own journal occasionally with articles on the literature of the eighteenth century, having reference more especially to Pope and "Junius." In his early life he was intimate with Keats, and some of the other great writers of more than forty years ago; and as far back as 1814 he edited a collection of old English plays. Subsequently, he was a contributor to the *Retrospective Review*, as well as other quarterly journals, and in still more recent times to *Notes and Queries*. The last number of that journal contains a very warm and heartfelt tribute to his memory. He was buried on Tuesday in Kensal-green.

The death of Miss CATHERINE SINCLAIR is announced. She was not merely a popular authoress, but a lady who interested herself in many social questions, with a view to bettering the condition of the people. She established a system of cheap dining-rooms at Edinburgh, and a few years ago equipped a hundred young men as Volunteers at her own expense. Her benevolence was widely known in the northern capital, where she established a charitable institution. A large number of novels (chiefly of fashionable life) have proceeded from her pen. The first, entitled "Modern Accomplishments," was published about 1835. Others, written at later periods—"The Mysterious Marriage," "Modern Flirtation," "Lord and Lady Harcourt," "Cross Purposes," &c.—have reached a very considerable sale, both in England and America. These were varied by works of a religious character, such as "The Journey of Life" and "The Business of Life," and by some others. Miss Sinclair was the sixth daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., the eminent agriculturist, and was born at Edinburgh on the 17th of April, 1800.

Miss CATHERINE SOUTHEY, the third and only unmarried daughter of Robert Southey, expired a few days ago at Keswick, at the age of fifty-four, of congestion of the brain. She lived at Lairthwaite Cottage, where her aunt, Mrs. Lovell, died a few years ago. A pension of £100 a year was granted to her, in consideration of the literary services of her father. Her remains have been interred by the side of her parents, brother, and sisters, in Crosthwaite churchyard, under the shade of Skiddaw.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE critical grumblings against the plot of "Enoch Arden" which appeared a few days ago in a contemporary have met with a just rebuke in the columns of our great daily journal. The most marvellous of the tragical creations of antiquity or of modern times are certainly those wherein persons and circumstances of a widely different character from the actualities of every-day life are represented. The poet and the dramatist, in the higher flights of their genius, will be more apt to create a little world, and give it laws of their own, than to copy with prosaic servility the code of the police-court or of the parish. It is not generally known that Mr. Tennyson is indebted to Mr. Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, and the author of a recently-published volume of pleasant poems, for the story and the plot of "Enoch Arden."

Mr. Woolner was a guest at Farringford, the Laureate's home in the Isle of Wight, and told the story as having, in the main, actually occurred. The poet was struck with the simple yet startling narrative, and determined to make it the groundwork of the poem which has just appeared. The number of the first edition has been variously stated, but we are enabled to give it correctly. It appears that 17,000 copies were struck off as the first impression, and the whole of these were delivered to the trade on Saturday and Monday last. A second impression of 10,000 copies is now in the press, and of these, it is conjectured, but few will be unsold by the end of next week. Speaking of the *Times*' notice of "Enoch Arden," we may mention that its statement, that in America the agents are yet advertising the new volume as with the title, "Idylls of the Hearth," arises in this way:—Two months ago, when "Idylls of the Hearth" was announced here as the title of the Laureate's forthcoming volume, negotiations were entered into by the London publishers with Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the eminent literary agents of Boston, for the purchase of "early sheets"—the only method of reserving to the author any portion of the profit derivable from a reproduction in a foreign market. The title then handed to these gentlemen was the "Idylls of the Hearth," a very appropriate name for a volume of poems professedly of the household, and somewhat happy when taken in connection with the "Idylls" of the grand old King Arthur, which had been previously published. The Messrs. Ticknor have continued to announce their purchase as the "Idylls of the Hearth," and in the August number of the admirable *Atlantic Monthly* the new poems are advertised in this form. A copy of the magazine in question having probably fallen in the way of the critic, he was naturally surprised at the change of title in the American edition.

In reply to the statement by Miss Thomas, authoress of "Bertie Bray," to which we alluded last week, Messrs. Maxwell & Co. write to the *Athenæum* to say that they did not "commission" her to write the tale, but that it was tendered to them complete by the writer herself. Miss Thomas, it is added, corrected the proofs of the story as it appeared in the *St. James's Magazine*; and the reprint, according to Messrs. Maxwell, was *verbatim*. With respect to the prices paid to Miss Thomas, her publishers do not deny the accuracy of the lady's statements; but they say that their bargains have never "resulted in the gain of a penny."

We are requested to state that Messrs. William H. Smith & Co., the great newsvendors of the Strand, have not, as we were erroneously led to suppose, any special privileges over other newsagents in connection with the *Times*, and that they have for several years had contracts with the principal Irish railways.

During the week, there has been a great excitement amongst the newsvendors and periodical traders of the metropolis. It appears that a Mr. Harrison, an extensive wholesale "number" agent, has recently become the proprietor of the *Young Ladies' Magazine*, a publication regarded as a rival by the publishers of *Reynolds's Miscellany* and *Bow Bells*, and that these traders now refuse to supply the publisher of the *Young Ladies' Magazine* with any of their works. Much confusion having arisen with the country trade, as well as the town, a large meeting has been held in Birmingham, to consider the subject, and very severe resolutions were passed reflecting on the jealous London publishers.

A little Life of Robson, the recently-deceased comedian, by George Augustus Sala, is announced for immediate publication. It will contain some interesting particulars of the author's personal relations with this strange genius, and will, besides, give additional information concerning Robson's boyhood, and those amateur theatrical days when he was an engraver's apprentice in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden.

Another delay has occurred in issuing the collected edition of Præd's "Poetical Works." It was authoritatively announced for delivery on the 15th instant, but the publishers now crave another ten days in order to complete their task of printing and binding. Like most works which are superintended through the press by several editors and supervisors, hitches and delays have occurred in its literary management which were unseen and unprovided-for at the outset.

The present members of the great publishing firm of Hachette & Co., in Paris, have just issued a circular giving some particulars of the recently-deceased founder of their house, M. Louis-Christophe-François Hachette, a man of extensive literary judgment and business enterprise. The deceased gentleman was in the 65th year of his age. In France and Germany, the custom of issuing a biographical circular upon the death of an eminent bookseller is comparatively general; but in London we are not aware that it is ever done.

It is said that the new serial in *All the Year Round* will appear with the title, "Never Forgotten." The writer some time since produced "Bella Donna," and it was then said that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a barrister of the Northern Circuit, was the author.

The recently-published "Cruise of the *Alabama* and *Sumter*, from the private journals of Captain Semmes," is about to be reprinted in New York. The Messrs. Appleton, of that city, are now extensively advertising the work in the American newspapers.

Speaking of the republication of English books in America, we note that Professor Goldwin Smith's "Letter to a Whig Member of the Southern Independence Association" has been reprinted in Boston, simultaneously with its appearance in this country. The Professor is there styled "one of the staunchest friends of the Union in England," and his pamphlet "a vigorous piece of writing, and one of the heaviest blows yet dealt to the English sympathisers with secession."

A correspondent gives us some amusing particulars of M. Pier Angelo Fiorentino, the Italian litterateur of Paris, recently deceased. It appears that he came to Paris in 1828 or 1829; "he quitted Naples with one hundred dollars in his pocket, which he had amassed by dint of incredible effort, and reached Paris with twenty dollars and a handsome gold watch in his possession; the watch soon went to the pawnbroker's. He took a miserable garret chamber on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Richelieu, and, borrowing some books

of his porter's wife, he began to study French. He then set to work to write an article for *La Presse*. He says:—"I wrote it in half an hour: I was twenty nights and twenty days in translating it; for I had no dictionary, and I was obliged to hunt in odd volumes, which I knew almost by heart, for equivalent words and phrases, that I might endeavour to succeed in making myself understood in a foreign language." The article was successful, and opened the columns of *La Presse* to him. He met, in the office of this newspaper, M. Alexandre Dumas, whom he had known at Naples." The novelist proposed to him to become his literary copartner; the proposition was joyfully accepted, and a long and very remunerative business relationship was the result. The fortune which M. Fiorentino had accumulated is estimated at nearly £30,000, whilst his collection of trinkets and books is valued at £8,000, or £10,000, more. Unfortunately, the name he has left behind is not so bright as it might have been. Many stories are in circulation relative to the black mail which he was in the habit of levying upon persons connected with the stage, and about whom he occasionally wrote in his musical criticisms and articles in the *Constitutionnel*. In 1847, some allusion to the practice was made by M. Achard, in *L'Assemblée Nationale*, and a duel was the result, in which M. Achard was very severely wounded by his opponent's sword.

Mr. Heywood, of Manchester, has published a little volume, entitled, "Phases of Distress, or Lancashire Rhymes," by Joseph Ramsbottom. The book is introduced to the reader in a brief commendatory preface by Mr. John Whittaker, better known as the correspondent of the *Times*, under the signature of "A Lancashire Lad." The poems are intended to give expression to the thoughts and feelings of the operatives of Lancashire during the terrible crisis which they have lately gone through.

On Monday next, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson will sell at their house—formerly Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous painting studio—in Leicester-square, the library of a professor of music, which is entitled to a passing notice for the musical and literary rarities which it contains. Amongst the valuable antiquities are several sets of those Elizabethan madrigals which from their rarity, as well as for the poetry set to music in them (much of it not to be found elsewhere), are of great interest to the musical antiquary and the student of Elizabethan literature. Here are to be found the works of Thomas Morley, the loyal musician who celebrated the praises of the Virgin Queen under the name of "Oriana;" the first translation of Italian words for English music, under the title of "Musica Transalpina;" and the excessively rare collection of Thomas Watson, George Kirbye, Thomas Weelkes, John Wilbye, Thomas Bateson, and other contemporary professors of "the divine art."

Amongst the new literary announcements of the week we may mention the following:—

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have in the press "Prehistoric Archaeology, or Essays on the Primitive Condition of Man in Europe and America," by John Lubbock, F.R.S., President of the Ethnological Society, whose lectures on the subject have recently been made the subject of various articles in a contemporary journal. Also an "Elementary Atlas of Comparative Osteology," to consist of twelve plates in folio, drawn on stone by Waterhouse Hawkins, Esq., the figures selected and arranged by Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.; and other works.

MESSRS. LOW, SON, & MARSTON, have nearly ready "Religion and Chemistry, or Proofs of God's Plan in the Atmosphere and its Elements," by Josiah P. Cooke, junr., author of "Elements of Chemical Physics;" also the ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's "History of America."

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN, have nearly ready their illustrated edition of Goldsmith's works, complete in one vol., with upwards of 100 engravings, drawn by H. Anelay, and engraved by the first engravers of the day.

MESSRS. APPLETON & Co., of London and New York, will shortly issue "Lyra Americana, Hymns and Sacred Songs," by Rev. Geo. T. Rider; "The Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events for the Year 1863;" "Overland Explorations in Siberia, Northern Asia, and the Great Amoor River Country, Incidental Notices of Manchouria, Mongolia, Kamtschatka, and Japan, with Map and Plan of an Overland Telegraph around the World, *via* Behring's Strait and Asiatic Russia to Europe," by Major Perry Macdonough Collins, commercial agent of the United States for the Amoor River, Asiatic Russia; "The Cyclopædia of Business Anecdotes, Illustrated with Portraits and Wood Engravings;" and other works.

Mr. TRESIDDER has in preparation "A Cyclopædia of Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths; consisting of Definitions, Metaphors, Similes, Emblems, Contrasts, Analogies, Anecdotes," &c., by the Rev. John Bate. From the prospectus, just issued, the work would appear to aim at something not very dissimilar to Mr. Southgate's "Many Thoughts of Many Minds," only that Mr. Bate's compilation is evidently intended more for the pulpit than for the general library.

M. L. Vitet, of the French Academy, has just published, at the house of Michel Lévy, Frères, two volumes of "Etudes sur l'Histoire de l'Art." The reputation this eminent writer has gained by his numerous books on æsthetics and archæology renders it unnecessary for us to speak of the importance of the work which he has just published.

We learn from an Italian paper that the young King of Greece has ordered Byron's tomb in Athens to be restored at his own expense.

HACHETTE & Co., of Paris, have just issued a popular edition of "Lettres sur la Constitution de 1852," in which the author (the Deputy M. Latour du Moulin) examines the constitutions of France and England, in order to draw useful conclusions.

M. Roger de Beauvoir has published a curious work at the house of Michel Lévy, Frères, entitled, "Duels et Duellistes."

Heinrich Kœnig, one of the most celebrated of modern German novelists, has brought out a new historical romance at Wiesbaden, entitled, "Von Saafeld bis Aspern."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Armstrong (Sir W. G.), *The Industrial Resources of the Tyne, Wear, and Tees.* 2nd edit. 8vo., 25s.
 Burgh (N. P.), *Practical Illustrations of Land and Marine Engines.* Folio, 42s.
 Burton (Dr. E.), *History of the Christian Church.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Carmichael (J. W.), *Art of Marine Painting in Oil Colours.* Feap., 1s.
 Darton's School Library. *Outlines of Roman History.* 18mo., 1s.
 Denton (J. B.), *Farm Homesteads of England.* 4to., £3. 3s.
 Drew (W. H.), *Geometrical Treatise on Conic Sections.* 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 English and Australian Cookery Book. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Faithfull (Rev. J. G.), *Justification by Faith.* Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Fowler (L. W.), *Lectures on Man, as explained by Phrenology.* Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 — *Self-Instructor in Phrenology.* 6th edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Geldart (Mrs.), *Mary Dundas.* New edit. Feap., 2s.
 Godolphin (Mrs.), *Life of, by Evelyn.* Edited by the Bishop of Oxford. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Handy-book for Inventors and Patentees. Feap., 1s.
 Harris (Rev. J.), *Graduated Exercises in Arithmetic.* Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Herbert (A.), *The Danes in Camp.* 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Higginson (E.), *English Grammar for Classical Schools.* 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Improved Game Book. Oblong, 3s. 6d.
 Joys and Sorrows of a Schoolmaster. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Kit & Co., *A First Reading-Book in Monosyllables.* Feap., 1s.
 Knapsack Guide to Switzerland. Feap., 5s.
 Mansfield (Rev. G.), *a Picture of Grace.* 3rd edit. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 Mayhew (E.), *Illustrated Horse Doctor.* 4th edit. 8vo., 18s. 6d.
 Peter Parley's Universal History. 10th edit. 16mo., 5s.
 Robinson Crusoe. Cassell's illustrated edit. Imp. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Royal Picture Gallery of the Kings and Queens of England. Sq. cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Semmes (Comr. R.), *Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumter.* 2nd edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 24s.
 Taylor (Bp. Jeremy), *Life of, by R. A. Willmott.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Unprotected Females in Norway and Sweden. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 — *in Sicily and Calabria.* Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Warden (A. J.), *The Linen Trade, Ancient and Modern.* 8vo., 18s.
 Willmott (R. A.), *Journal of Summer-time in the Country.* 4th edit. Feap., 5s.

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over 1862; an amount of increase exceeding that of any previous year.

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 Ditto, ditto, 1863..... £88,966.

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Among the incidents which have tended to the advancement of the Royal within the last few months may be reckoned its action with respect to the losses sustained by the explosion of the Lotty Sleigh, which although only consistent with the general tenor of the conduct of the Company, and ultimately proved to be no more than what had been done in former times by the oldest and most proverbially honourable among its contemporaries, yet attracted attention and public favour by its unhesitating promptness.

As the largest total of Revenue and the largest ratio of progression have been attained in the present year, so it happens that the largest Profit which it has ever fallen to the Directors to record has likewise on this occasion to be announced. The balance of Net Profit on the year has amounted to £83,545, of which sum £34,100 only has been appropriated to Dividend and Bonus, and the large Balance of £49,444 been carried to Reserve.

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The progress of the Life Branch, as shown by the New Business transacted in the last year, is most promising, and the advances made year by year in the amount of New Insurances effected show clearly the estimation in which the Company is held. The following is a statement for the last five years:—

Net Sum Assured on New Policies after deducting Guarantees.		Net Premiums.	
1859	£434,470 11 10	1859	£13,086 0 5
1860	449,241 16 2	1860	15,079 17 10
1861	521,101 17 0	1861	16,827 18 0
1862	701,427 15 3	1862	22,333 13 2
1863	752,546 18 10	1863	24,069 12 8

This rapid growth, amounting to 73 per cent. on the Sum Assured, and upwards of 80 per cent. on the Premium received in the course of five years, may justly be considered as larger than any which could have been reasonably expected. The first half of the current year 1864, however, far outstrips the ratio of increase indicated by the figures just quoted, as the Sum Assured for that period of six months only actually exceeds Half a Million Sterling.

The rate of Mortality, likewise, still presents highly favourable features, and augurs well for the result to be shown by the quinquennial investigation, which is to take place when the present year is concluded.

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REPORT of Directors, and Statement of Proceedings at the Ordinary Meeting of Proprietors, held on the 4th of May, 1864.

SIR J. R. CARMICHAEL, BART., IN THE CHAIR.

THE statement which the Directors have this year to lay before the Proprietors, respecting the progress of the Company during 1863, affords them the opportunity of again offering congratulations on the improved condition of the Office.

The new Premiums received amounted to £6,481. 5s. 8d., the sum thereby assured being £193,815. The total Income of the Company was £53,427. 14s. 2d.

These items exceed those of any preceding year, and might have been very largely increased had not the Directors seen fit to decline a large number of Proposals which were not of a first-class character.

After payment of £15,912 to the representatives of deceased Members, and defraying all admitted charges and demands on the Company to the 31st of December, no less than 40 per cent. of the Income has been added to its Funds.

The increase of business during the first quarter of the current year, though investigated with the usual caution, has been still more satisfactory, the new Premiums received to the 31st of March being at the rate of nearly £9,000 per annum.

To maintain this increase, while transacting only the high standard of business which it has always been the desire of the Directors to procure, is, considering the intense competition which surrounds them, and without the adoption of undue expenditure, no light task.

It is therefore no formal appeal that the Board make when they call on each Proprietor and Assured to use some extra personal exertion this year to obtain new Policies. By introducing fresh connections to the Officers and Agents of the Company, and canvass-

ing their friends, a large accession of business would, at comparatively little cost, be secured, and a very sensible impetus be given to our progress and future profits. The Directors therefore confidently hope for a general co-operation towards this object.

It is with sincere regret that the Directors have to refer to the loss the Company has sustained by the death of Lord Arthur Lennox, their late Chairman. An unceasing interest exerted on its behalf, combined with the exercise of strict integrity, and a courteous bearing, so well known to the Proprietors ever since the foundation of the office, cannot fail to be remembered by all who were associated with his Lordship.

The Directors have also to regret the loss, by death, of Mr. F. G. Johnston, who from the very commencement of their operations had acted as one of the Chief Office Medical Advisers of the Company.

The vacancy occasioned at the Board by the death of Lord Arthur Lennox has been filled up by the election of Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Bart., a gentleman whose social position and influence cannot fail to be beneficial to the Company.

The Directors have elected as their Chairman, Sir JAMES CARMICHAEL, Bart., and as Deputy-Chairman JOHN ASHBURNER, Esq., M.D.

These two Gentlemen this year retire by rotation, and, with the Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

In conclusion, the Directors again recommend the usual Dividend of 5 per cent. on the Capital, and Bonus additions, being equivalent to 5½ per cent. on the amount paid up.

(Signed)

J. R. CARMICHAEL, Chairman.

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Per doz.		£. s.	£. s.
SANTORIN, a dry red wine, with Port wine flavour	20s.	6 14	13 4
THERA, a white wine, full of body, Madeira character	20s.	6 14	13 4
CORINTHE, a very stout full-bodied wine, possessing a Champagne flavour	24s.	7 16	15 4
CALLISTE, a very superior stout white wine	24s.	7 16	15 4
ST. ELIE (or, "Wine of Night"), a de- licious light dry wine, with Amontillado flavour and character; <i>incomparable</i> at the price	24s. 28s. 32s.	7 16 9 5 10 14	15 4 18 5 20 19
AMBROSIA (or, "Wine of Bacchus"), a most luscious white wine of high character and flavour	30s.	9 19	19 12
LACRYMA CHRISTI, a luscious red wine adapted for Communion use ...	42s.	14 5	28 2
VISANTO, an exceedingly sweet and fine white wine; delicious for dessert ...	43s.	16 5	32 5

* Santorin is the only place and island in Greece which prepares Wine saleable in foreign countries; but this cannot be ascribed so much to the superior quality of the grape, as to the manner in which the wine is prepared by the French Company who manage it. The wines of Santorin will keep good year after year. They are sent to Turkey and Russia. Odessa, on the Black Sea, is one of their best markets. I have visited a great wine-cellar, excavated within the mountain, and have there tasted sixteen or eighteen different sorts of wine, all prepared from the grapes of Santorin. I was most pleased with the "Wine of Bacchus," very like that of Naxos, with the taste of nectar, and colour of liquid gold. So also the "Wine of Night" [the St. Elie], which is colourless, and has obtained that name from the fact of the vintage taking place during the night, and from the grapes being hidden under the leaves of the vine, and not exposed to the influence of the sun, by which means the wine is not coloured by it. It has an acid and agreeable flavour, like Rhine wine, only milder.—*Greece and the Greeks*, by Miss BREMER, vol. ii., p. 1. Translated by MARY HOWITT, 1863.

ATHENS.		Octave 14 gals. equal to 7 dozen.	Qr. casks 28 gals. equal to 14 doz.
Per doz.		£. s.	£. s.
MONT HYMET, Red, a full-bodied dry wine, resembling Claret, with the bou- quet of Burgundy	16s.	5 6	10 10
MONT HYMET, White, a light pure dinner wine, approaching Chablis in character, without acidity	16s.	5 6	10 10
CYPRUS.			
From the Commandery	60s.	20 6	40 5
SYRA.			
COMO, a Red wine, resembling full-bodied and rich Port, an excellent wine ...	28s.	9 5	18 5
SMYRNA.			
BOUTZA, a full-bodied dry Red wine ...	24s.	7 16	15 4
SEVDIKOI, ditto, ditto, but slightly bitter (from myrrh leaves being pressed with the grapes), and highly valued for its tonic properties ...	24s.	7 16	15 4

Any of the above in Pints, 4s. per Two Dozen extra.

PORTUGAL WINES.

		Octave 14 gals. equal to 7 dozen.	Qr. casks 28 gals. equal to 14 doz.
Per doz.		£. s.	£. s.
PORT, CATALONIAN	18s.	5 16	10 18
RED LISBON	22s.	7 4	14 5
GENUINE ALTO-DOURO, stout and useful	24s.	7 16	15 4
Ditto, rich, full flavoured, excellent for bottling or present use ...	30s.	9 19	19 12
Ditto, soft, matured, with character	34s.	11 12	22 16
Ditto, rich, with great body ...	38s.	12 18	25 5

SPANISH WINES.

		Octave 14 gals. equal to 7 dozen.	Qr. casks 28 gals. equal to 14 doz.
per doz.		£. s.	£. s.
SHERRY, ARRAGONESE	18s.	5 16	10 18
Ditto EXCELLENT	22s.	7 4	14 5
Ditto CADIZ	24s.	7 16	15 4
Ditto	30s.	9 19	19 12
Ditto	34s.	11 12	22 16
Ditto	38s.	12 18	25 5

HUNGARIAN WINES.

WHITE WINES.

Admirably adapted for Dinner, being light, pure, dry, and free from acidity, combined with the full, high aroma of the Rhine Wines.			
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BADASCONYER	"	24s.	
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DIOSZEGER BAKATOR	"	30s.	
Ditto Ditto AUSLESE	"	32s.	
HUNGARIAN HOCK	"	30s.	
RUSZTE (rich)	"	40s.	
SZAMORODNY (dry Tokay)	"	42s.	

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VISONTAERE	"	20s.	
ADLERBERGER OFNER, recommended ...	"	24s.	
MENES, exceedingly stout and full-bodied ...	"	28s.	
ERLAURE, high flavoured ditto	"	30s.	

Any of the above in Pints, 4s. per Two Dozen extra.

SWEET WINES.

MENESER AUSBRUCH	per doz.	42s.	Tokay bottles
TOKAY ditto	"	72s.	containing
Ditto ditto (die Krone)	"	96s.	5 gills.

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EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE	per doz.	30s.	VIN ORDINAIRE, MEDOC	per doz.	14s.
" Superior	"	36s.	ST. EMILION	"	20s.
CHATEAU D'AY	"	53s.	ST. ESTEPHE	"	24s.
" finest 1857 (extra quality)	"	72s.	ST. JULIEN	"	30s.
MOET'S	"	65s.	The above in Pints, 4s. per two dozen extra.		
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CREME DE BOUZY	"	72s.			

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